

# SIXTY SECOND WIPE OUT

A JOURNAL ABOUT  
AxA



Edited by  
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## **PRAISE FOR FRANCIS FOREVER**

“perhaps I’m a ‘normie’ then, because it is  
certainly not good enough for me.”

- Adam Parfrey.

“lolol asian pill. idk man shit is crazy in  
general right now. wild times.”

- Sam Hyde.

“The alt-right is atrocious and the fact that  
you’re giving those morons oxygen is more  
than enough to dissuade me from appearing  
on your show.”

- Chris Korda.

“You are a persona non grata.”

-Greg Johnson, gay white nationalist.

“The leading Asian-Aryan Alt-Right  
intellectual of his generation.”

- Luke Ford.

“xoxo” - Jamie Stewart of Xiu Xiu

“I wish you well in what will undoubtedly be an extended grieving process as a scorned fan.” - Jim Goad.

“You might be a better comedian than I am. But sometimes you don’t get it when I make a joke or not, shm.”  
- Saya Song.

“Well, I like that it is good, clean writing, no literary pretension. Your own original manifesto on Asian girls, a subject I know little about. It would be too much work for me to critique, something I never like to do. For all I know, you could have a hit on your hands.”  
- Josh Alan Friedman.

“I am at the mall.” -Brandon Adamson.

“Feed the Korean Korean please.”  
-Meaghan Dunn.

# **THE FUTURE WILL BE ASIAN!!!**

So it begins! ...Welcome dear reader to Sixty  
Second Wipe Out! A Journal about the AxA  
punk subculture and future!

I don't think their needs to be a table of  
contents in a revolutionary journal like this  
one. Dive right in!!

The manifesto is on page 96 if you want to  
know what this is really about.

If you already know, continue forth. I  
welcome you to a new world that is bound to  
come by 2030 or sooner. Full of distorted  
amen breaks and a revival of Japanese  
aesthetics of the 90s and 2000s.

Please, give this copy to your goth Pinay  
girlfriend after you read it.

...Having cast the last manuscript into the void, I begin a new one. It was suppose to be about Boards of Canada, or a screenplay about the life of Patrick Hyland or Mitski, or a gamebook that mimics Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone's Fighting Fantasy series. Dust covers my Neo Alphasmart, and I was suppose to receive a Astrohaus Freewrite Traveller sooner. This digital typewriter is a reflections of neglecting my thoughts for a year or so. But atlas, the same energy was used to write my Masters and some pamphlets regarding "queer culture" and board game design. Music is a hobby too, but not as strong as writing. Or what about the time I was suppose to do cartoons and do 50 pages? Art cannot be everything, nor is it everything.

I wipe the dust and continue the transcript I stopped in the summer of 2018...

...My name is Joseph Francis Nally. My family for the longest time has called me "Joey" and it drives me insane. I was named

after a wealthy grandfather who was a boomer alcoholic. His eldest son was a drug-addicted homosexual and got AIDs. The middle son had me.

I honestly detest my family life and find it as a crude upbringing. I could of been that normal kid. The one who votes Hillary or Biden, who gets a STEM degree at NYU debt free, and have a condo out in Denver with a Chinese wife. All while pretending “I’m white,” and there is no such thing as race. Or, “there’s no such thing as god, no such thing as right or wrong, no such thing as good, no such thing as the right path in life.”

The very people that spout rhetoric of privilege, of black lives matter, of pandering to the ethics of the neoliberal capitalist system, all do it in the name of white people.

I am a white person, of course. But I must admit something. My real confession is that I am no longer a white person anymore. “White” is a racial category... not even... as I

am starting to doubt that. "White" is a class structure, an attitude, a culture, and a bourgeois redundancy to everything. It's like being hispanic. An erasure of real ethnic identities and meaning in life.

A Japanese friend told me about the origin of America and Australia and how they relate. If Australia, genetically speaking, has origins of criminals, they are not a real compound group of people, but a descanted group of broken English people. As for Americans, it is hard to say there is an actual "American" race of people. The American race destroys natural ethnic categories. What's left is a system, and people, reflected upon class structures influenced by capitalism.

The creation of a middle class is only a century old. What this means is that there is only three class structures: lower, middle, and upper.

I can define these classes in six categories. From lowest to highest,



1. Homeless
2. Poor
3. Proletariat
4. Bourgeois
5. The Aristocracy
- And 6., The Elite

Homeless and Poor categories are of the Lower class, the Proletariat and Bourgeois are apart of the middle class, and the Aristocracy and Elite class are of the upper class.

This class structure is important to understand, as my family falls under the Bourgeois.

I grew up with an apparent trust fund by my grandfather, I lived in a half a million dollar house with a pool and two dogs in the suburbs, I didn't start working until I was 24, and there was an extreme focus on the arts in my family, particularly from my mom and older brother.

Another thing I must mention... in this class structure, there are movements of “upward mobility” and “downward respect.” Upward mobility refers to the cultural practices and motivations to be a class higher than one should be. In other words, my family, who is bourgeois, wants to believe they belong in the aristocracy, but ironically, we can only afford so much, that our access to free rent in NYC or LA is not there. However, we have no debt. Just a large sum of money, enough to pay for an average “middle class” lifestyle, where the proletariat, ironically, would be in debt to pursue. To keep a form of sanity from this cruel rat race, all class categories believe in downward respect, that is to say, when a class believes it has the same personality and behavior of a class below them, but in reality, their own does not.

I can safely say that my own dad (note, not “father”) charades as a proletariat. The irony, however, is that he had the chance to make a migration to become apart of the

aristocracy... if his own alcoholic father didn't beat him all the time.

I am not a "nigger," nor will I ever be one. I say this because my dad constantly takes pride he is one. Or, a "white nigger."

All of his other white nigger friends pretend they are in The Sopranos, or an awfully bad boomer mafia movie. It's something of my dad's generation, pretending "there is no such thing as good morales," and his awful, cynical, self-hate his own mother produces. An entire generation of white people believe they have empowerment by becoming niggers when it's convenient for them. Like a sad plea by Jim Goad in his book "The Redneck Manifesto."

This is downward respect. Assuming one is gangster, poor, hood, whatever you want to call it, while reality reminds you of a trust fund.

My dad's neighbors, loaded with even more money, become a minuses for my dad's desires. So he too can "keep up with the jones" and become "nigger rich" just like his cool white counterparts.

Now imagine what "Karen" and "Dave," boomers who stilled hold on to said money, made the migration, did everything right, sent their kids to NYU, and strived to be good role models.

Who are the kids?

Sad, BLM-protesting, Covid-fearing, asian married elves from Bushwick, Brooklyn. The root of most of our problems.

However, I come from a different story.

I never related to my fellow white brothers.

In fact, I hate white people.

White people come wherever there is an identity. You name it: French, Polish, Hungarian, Irish, Italian... only then to whitewash it with an ethnicity of nothing. the destruction of the family. No wonder why my fellow white peers are afraid to be open about their own hatred of whites and wish to pursue nonwhite women so they can have a real identity.

Dumb people don't have the words and logic to make sense of their nature. So they latch on to mainstream concepts of white privilege, or trans-rights, or gentrification and forced peer pressure.

Then the true hypocrisies ring true.

A 20 something year old white girl, throwing her body at young boys for one night stands. They say "it was the time of her life." And after several porn shoots later, no one wants her. Or that she becomes a feminist and blames the worlds problems on white men who hate.

The very white man who says something racist on Facebook and is chaste from sex.

Some sins are normalized, while others, and a few which are not even sins, are considered capital punishment in the U.S.S.A.

...That's already 1,200 words already? I usually try and bust 2,200 words a day. My fingers may get tired. I once practiced COLEMAK keyboard configuring so I may have quicker speed times and a relaxed motion. Then I realized QWERTY was the way to go, even if the system is outdated and only worked on an old style typewriter. No matter. I digress.

I tend to get lost in my own thoughts with regards to the process of creating art. It was the right choice for me to go to art school, and I am proud of that.

For example, as I am using this Alphasmart Neo digital typewriter, I lay in my bed, looking out the window. A bright sunny day

in late August. Bushwick... the center of the universe.

A few blocks down do I fear walking too, as an ex lives there. I will not mention her name.

And the house I see down the street use to belong to the legendary HAarlem VENison. May his soul rest in peace while visiting Haiti.

I sometimes turn off this LCD machine to catch my own thoughts. They yell louder than my own words.

I love talking to myself. None of my roommates are here right now. So it's ok.

I just want to cuddle in bed, to squirm like a worm, and relax while writing down every single possible thought that randomly enters my head... like a Proustian moment.

I am always sad that this art form... of writing the English language, is not valued among cartoonist. This is only valued among autistic intellects, of quiet minimalist, and I do not possess the medium to create cartoons of watercolor landscapes. This space is too small.

I remember when I was 16 I used my bedroom to create art. I drew Willie from The Neverhood. Yet I hated getting paint on my fingers, on the floors, and messing things up. Why couldn't art be much cleaner?

Maybe that was bad value to learn. A decade later, I am pondering if I should go back to open notebooks and drawling with a busted pencil or pen. I don't even do the research what technical pencils are. Everything today is digital. Learn another stupid program, learn how to QWERTY faster, learn how to stare at a computer screen and ruin your eyes for the rest of your life.



People are so depraved with the internet and smartphones. A decade worse than The Great War.

I tried video blogging. They say if you film yourself you would get more viewers. Instead, by 2030, I'll look back and see these vintage YouTube videos as old Super 8 footage.

Instagram... such poison for young girls. It's a resume that means nothing. A subculture, an ideology, that is completely fleeting. A consumer product ready to be raped.

Girl who use Instagram already have been raped, or yet to be raped.

The reason why I have this Bushwick place is because I was in a relationship with a previous woman here. An older Japanese woman. Sex was transcendental.

And now I must turn over a new leaf. She has sadly gone back to Japan.

...I return to my typewriter. The sun sets over Bushwich. I listen to Basement Jaxx (Lollipop / Make Me Sweat) as the cool breeze comes over me. It is my Dame Da Me moment.

Listening to Metroplex by Necros. Progression is such a good album. I am getting into tracker music and mod files. I downloaded ReNoise and learning about music composition through it. Imagine if I could just create music all on a QWERTY keyboard without touching a single instance of a midi keyboard or mouse. But yet, I am so use to the workflow of Reason 10, it comes natural to me, more faster than typing out Z on a keyboard.

I am having a Georges Perec moment.

I never understood religion. Not at all. I was raised in an atheist family about getting money and what to spend it on.

Catholicism was there, but no one questioned it.

With this new “e-Christianity,” movement going on, how much of it is authentic? Is this a coming to age thing?

Do they really mean what they say?

All those Pick-up Artist. “I didn’t mean that! Date rape is bad! Even though I did it!”

Such liars. You can date rape AND be a catholic. That’s what god wants you to do, right?

My friend Alex Von Goldstein told me, “God gives you a feast. Lay your eyes on it, and have what you want. Beware, however, there is sin to everything.”

I type this now close to 10pm, as I went about town with my friend Richie going into bars and breaking the silly COVID shit. People are no longer wearing mask.

How many Japanese in New York City is a culture shock to me. I died at the age of 26 when I was rejected by JET, and as of now, I will die again at the tender age of 29.

Suicide? Please. That's for pussies. At least my body decays and I see life change before my eyes. ...What was that Vince Collins animation?

"Life flashes right before your eyes?"

Yes, something like that.

At least I am not a depraved binary, genderqueer retard who smokes weed with nonwhites who abuse you for your time. This is a city of hell. A city of date rape and murder. How can Norbert's Pizza be a real anarchist-syndicalist pizza shop? As Holden Caulfield would say, such "phonies" of late-capitalism.

Don't get me started about my favorite club, Moodring, and how the tagline is...

something like, “the wild days of our youth.” I enjoy the AxA ambition and passion, not the neoliberal capitalist pondering of hedonism.

Batman was the superhero to clean up a city of decadence. He’s not here. Where is he? We got Friends Stand United. We should beat up drug dealers while where at it and murder prostitutes.

I am mesmerize by Mitski. I can’t even Google search her anymore. I have reached levels of the Bjork Stalker about her. Maybe on a whole new level like Mark David Chapman. No, I don’t want to kill her. Disgusting. No, I don’t want to kill myself. Absolutely disgusting. Why did I fall in love with such a Siren who I accidentally met in 2017?

Sometimes, I wish I didn’t discover her, met her, or even talked to her.

I was asexual up until I was 24. I have my sex stories going back when I was 17. It always was there. My gay stories as well. But like many others, sexuality is an identity issue. It is subcultural and meaningful. I struggle to find the words and meanings to describe my upbringing. Like I said before, I could of said I was a middle class fancy retard who lives happily ever after in Denver. It's not that easy to explain.

I thought about writing my life as a rom com. I could easily do it. I love John Cusack and Brendan Fraser films. It's so easy! Yet it's hard to tell anyone... almost to an embracing extent, that I have a mad crush, and ultimately life-affirming, creative energy, when I hear Mitski.

I wish it would go away. It won't.

I can't speak her name, look at her, or even discuss it without me crying, being euphoric, or creating new works of art.

People talk inside my head all the time. I hear those voices. They tell me to do good, and sometimes, tell me to fuck shit up (...get it?).

Everywhere I walk in Bushwick, another fucking 7 foot tall white guy and his submissive Chinese girlfriend (Japanese if he's lucky). Whoopdee' fuckin doo.

So much injustice. Multiculturalism only gave white kids the right to date rape Asian women and pretend there is no such thing as rape. I get so angry at people like... like...

Maggie Lee.

That fucking twat and her failed Mommy film on Netflix. I fucked her in the bathroom. And she cries to me, high on PCP, like she understands my struggle, as a Clark Kent, that I try so hard to understand my sexuality, and as well make sense of my interest in Japanese culture. And I try to understand her. She made up a complete lie

about “I like sexy white guys who skate board and like in Larry Clark films,” total subcultural bullshit. Yeah, it’s AxA, but on her level... what a fucking liar.

My therapist told me to not think of the name ever again, but I shall harp on it now. Maybe Al was right. He told me, “I hope all the shitlibs get bullets for Christmas.”

And Monica, that fucking cunt. I want to punch her in the throat. What she did to me will never be forgiven!!

Maybe Chinese women are the cruelest women on the face of the Earth. Korean women just want to fuck with you and have a good time. And the Japanese? The most compatible of them all. I wish I just gracefully met a Japanese woman in my early 20s, and not some psychotic Chinese bitch with ugly features.

Yet why am I attracted to this ugliness? I like it a lot!



I could publish my rantings daily in a blog. It's maybe best just to release all as one book. That way the reader is bombarded with 20,000 plus words of insanity. Oh yes, will the reader cringe and observe actual good art, and not crap narratives published by liberal nutcases. Holding a book in one's hand like a comic book bought at a 1950's candy store.

At night, I hear the hindu music played at the Indian store. "Wow! Multiculturalism," they say. More like parasites eating what's left of the system.

I write because death lingers every day of my life. It's like the KMFDM song Waste. People believe art should be this, or act that way, or assume a proper Cosmopolitan bullshit magazine effort. Lies. "Your writing is selling your evil to others." What a good line! (Thanks Richie).

I can point out a hypocrisy every second I walk the streets of Bushwick. So much gets filtered like sand sliding through a funnel.

This system is an entire risk. A risk to start a business, a risk to get famous, a risk to get a girlfriend, a risk to get a job, a risk to use the disgusting food being sold to you... All this neoliberal bullshit, so much of it has created depravity, not freedom. It has nothing to do with a board game like Risk.

Ouch, at 3000, what else am I suppose to say?

Buy a cassette tape from Phteven Universe? Yes! Go to [choamcharity.bandcamp.com](http://choamcharity.bandcamp.com) and buy a tape! While you are at it, subscribe to [youtube.com/pilleater](http://youtube.com/pilleater).

Like that infomercial garbage? Like how you had to spend money to buy this book? Like how you want to give me more money so I can keep doing this? How authentic is this really?

I'm not good like that YouTube Argent.  
Right? What did he do again? Make  
reactionary videos? So boring.

That cocksucker Shiro is so worried I am  
going to dox Tim and Brandon because they  
are gay white nationalist. Fuck you Shiro!  
You did coke with Emily Youcis and I will  
beat the shit out of you the next time you are  
walking Bushwick! Ted is also a coke addict,  
and that white kid bitch from Blue Bell who  
speaks Chinese has another thing coming to.  
Can't believe I drove his ass for a Jason  
Jorjani hangout party. Fuck you Shiro.

Greg Johnson, don't get me started how he  
manipulates people too!

Anyway, let's change subject.

I love it when people squirm and find out  
what AxA is all about.

Million Dollar Extreme is a genius program  
that the actors never know they are in on

the joke. They think they are on your side.  
Too bad. You are the pun. I hate you.

I will fight for my life, die on the grave, that  
my life is a romantic pursuit to defend my  
people. ....Eurasians.

I will defend the subculture, I will defend the  
family, I will defend our men and women. I  
will not tolerate a liberal idiot or a white  
nationalist nutcase like you.



...I am trying to remember exactly when I  
first came across, or listened to, Boards of  
Canada. The year was 2004. I was into The  
Web and Bob show. As an aspiring flash  
animator, I was well tuned into Newgrounds,  
and two years later, masturbating to a niche

collection of romantic hentai I burnt on a CD-  
R. Weebl and Bob is where I discovered  
Mr.Scruff. There was one song I liked... "X."  
My parents took me to a record store on  
South Street in Philadelphia. At the age of  
14, I asked the clerk at Repo Records (the  
original location) where I could find  
Mr.Scruff. He took me into the basement  
under the elusive "trip-hop" section. He  
couldn't find it and rambled on about other  
things. I remember three things in that  
store. A cover of Blur's greatest hits, the  
Shin's X album, and in the basement, on the  
wall, I saw Boards of Canada's Geogaddi  
Poster. I knew I was getting closer, because  
for certain,

I remember Aquarius being on the Web and  
Bob show. Unfortunately, Mr.Scruff was not  
present at Repo Records. Further down the  
street, my brother took me into a store called  
Que (which was later shut down). The store  
was dedicated to turntables and Dj  
equipment. That same say, I recall 611  
records being open. I remember Ferry

Costern's "On Fire" poster being displayed in front of the window. Someone took their dog in the store. A silly bull terrier with a black star imprinted on hi (I guess they were undead ravers of the early 2000s?) I also clearly remember a white hair chick... with a nose ring! (and you thought this was 2020) walking down the street. I guess she might now be a gentrified married mom in California now, a spinster cat lady, or quite possibly, dead.

Anyway, I found Mr.Scruff's Trouser Jazz in the store. The same album that had many classic Weebl and Bob tunes on it, including "X." The store clerk was an angry black man with dreads and a dislike for talking to anyone. He gave me a free magazine about legalizing weed. (I think I can still find it in my parent's basement). My brother told me as we were walking out of the store, "he must hate white people." I also remember the spot my dad parked. A hidden, clandestine, parking spot used by Egyptian landlords to tax middle-class families.

I did not get Boards of Canada that day. But my clear memory of buying my second album ever on CD... Mr. Scruff, Trouser Jazz.

You see, most kids are into really gay shit, like Led Zeppelin, Britney Spears, or Tupac.

My first album, which I bought at Circuit City in 1999, was Eiffel 65's Europop. I saw it on the channel "The Box," where Gen-Xers would dial on their phone, and pay a dollar to watch their favorite video come on next. I guess this was an early algorithm of Youtube play listing, yes?

(I am actually deeply curious of the telephone roleplaying game F.I.S.T. that appeared in England around the 1980s).

I was a disturbed, 14 year old already into trip-hop and poppy music. They called it "techno" back in the day. I called it "trip hop." Most of my peers I grew up in middle school are dead, or retained the middle class

ethos that capitalism has successful transmitted on to them.

But I recall Geogaddi being a “new” album when I was young. I remember using Amazon.com as my music hunter. There was Discogs, but it was not fully developed yet. There was Music Has The Right To Children, but I saw that album being was too chill and boring when I was young. Geogaddi had Julie and Candy which I heard always on Weebl and Bob.

But like many in my generation, the selling point to Boards of Canada, was the infamous use of “Beware The Friendly Stranger” in Salad Fingers by David Firth.

Oh yes, it was scary the first time I watched it. Along with watching Begotten at that age, I remember the dismal landscape in Salad Fingers. That maybe I could walk in the state of Arizona, and eventually, I will find Salad Fingers there waiting for me. The fear wasn't



the charter himself, but the dismal landscape where he lived. At the house, yet.

David Firth has to be one of the most overrated English flash animators ever. All nerdy, pre-4chan millennial kids use to think Salad Fingers was cool, the same way we were told that Boxy (some white chick on YouTube) was the “hot girl.” (I’m sure Brandon Adamson wouldn’t mind having high standards approaching white girls like Boxy).

Sure, Firths work can be “scary,” but it can also be ironic and humorous. I remember he did the chaster thing for a bit. He also did the battle rape cartoon and this one too... I believe, where the man stabbed a woman and jerked off on her corpse.

“woah, so edgy!!”

It was incredibly embracing when Jhonen Vasquez went on Twitter at the time of Firth’s popularity and said how “innovative”

he was. Yes, coming from a bi-sexual Mexican-American who hates “navies” yet wants to be violent and edgy as Whitehouse.

All this is just some form of toxic masculinity.

...Anyway. Beware The Friendly Stranger. I thought it was a cool, short synthesizer song. Nothing scare.

My favorite albums at that time were Aphex Twin's Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2 (not 1!!) and Daft Punk's Discovery (what a beautiful, Eurasianist, futuristic masterpiece).

I bought Geogaddi at the Tower Record in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. The same place where I bought My Bloody Valentine's "Loveless," album, and where my brother, with great disappointment, said, "please don't listen to faggot music."

(Oh the irony how like Joy Division, My Bloody Valentine has become the supreme “gentrifier” music for white people moving out of mommy and daddy’s suburb into the wonderful, Anarcho-Com city where they can consume, be enlighten with neoliberalism and universal egalitarianism, while being an “adult” full of status-quo-showing symbolism. My brother once, a decade ago, entered a year long listen to that album. Loveless then became the useless junk I saw it for).

I loved the album art on Geogaddi. Orange is my favorite color. I also remember listening to Brian Eno’s Music for Airports, and Danny Boyle’s film 28 days later, seeing Ambient music as surely spacial, yet horrifying tones to chill out too. Music that can take you to another place.

This is not to say I am an advocate of Escapist music. This is a very immature understanding of art. I could write about why Wolf Os X has it wrong about vaporwave

as “critical theory music” or “music to escape into a new reality.”

This is what Aidan Hughes (BRUTE!) calls, “music as wallpaper.”

This sadly became popular with the gentrifier types, to uphold whiteness and an interest in Guggenheim-esque virtual art. Fuck OneohTrix Point Never. Ironically using the sound of a Roland D-50 or a Korg M1 does not make one “innovative” or “nostalgic” for the past. I see Daniel Lopatin as a hostile attack against the artist trying to crave his niche, and instead, co-opting his position for a white, middle-class. In other words, respecting Kraftwerk not because they are electronic and new, but because “it’s Elliot Smith with a synthesizer!”

(I still ask myself to this day if E.Smith was murdered by his girlfriend J.Chiba, or if his whole life was the advocacy of a punk, Eurasianist thing... but that’s another story all together).

I only bring this criticism up because the first thing has to be mentioned before a proper criticism of Boards of Canada is addressed.

Boards of Canada never was, or will never be, a vaporwave band. They are not the innovators of vaporwave, or did they have intentions of such things. To assume they are, is a poor understanding of their art.

The embracing notion that some Fox News reporter likes Boards of Canada is also a sure sign of their overrated nature. I will get to Tomorrow's Harvest later, and I how I felt about it. But that album was a "soy boy" market ploy to get listeners back into the creepy feel of BOC, the same way when Geogaddi came out.

I look back at the so-called campaign, and the old YouTube comments in 2013 about the release, everyones expectations and thought about something so repetitive, people are not questioning what the piece of art is, or why it

should be enjoyed, other than the fact  
“Boards of Canada” appears in the name.

Especially with the creation of the boomer  
generations ethics:

“If I listen to Boards of Canada, then I could  
be like all the hip white people that live in  
gentrified, west Philadelphia! Yay!”

This kind of revision destroys works of art,  
and calls out the pastiche art for what it  
truly is. An agent of gentrification, of white  
consciousness, and social status among  
among the middle class.

This contradicts the struggle of the queer  
and his hatred for normative people and the  
philistine.

Sure, white people hate themselves when  
they find out about this contradiction, and  
call this and that “too white.” But all  
together, white people ironically have a  
racial collective of hating themselves, so its

truly ironic to discuss art with them. It's better to be anti-white than it is to be pro-white.

I should get back to the first time I actually listened to Geogaddi.

It was on a road trip to see my grandma in Amherst.

Halfway through New York state, it was raining, and I was in the middle of the dooming, Soccer-Mom mini van to see the mother of a man who hates her back.

I had a CD player bought from the father of the man who is not sure to love him back. ... Yet to my surprise was named after him.

I do not remember my reaction of listening to the first 8 tracks on Geogaddi, but I do remember the creepy nature of "The Devil is in the Details" and the sun, finally coming out, the dark clouds, when Cosair played, as my parents drove across the barren nature

of... Yonkers? I'm not sure. Maybe even New Haven.

Magic Window is creepy too. The sound of nothing has a special place. I actually felt, at the time, I was diving into a CGI, Imaginaria-induced, window in the sky, as ironic as silence describes it.

I also remember another time listening in the basement, without lights on, and the goosebumps that crawled on me with "Ready Set Go" and "Music is Math." That same day, I believe my brother was hanging out with a friend of his, and I told him I was listening to BoC, he said he liked BoC too. Now this friend of his was a pot-smoker of sorts, and had a bigger-vibe on him. So I guess this was the first time I was introduced to someone who was listening to Bob the wrong way. A thought appeared in my mind, "how can this can admire and appreciate this deep and haunting electronic music in a 50-cent, hood rat way?" I guess shitty people listened to BoC back then too.

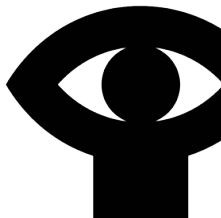


I honestly wanted to listen to the whole album that day, but I guess my brother wanted me to go on a trip with him.

Natasha Allegri is a con artist. The middle class succumbing to AxA while pretending not to be racist. Bullshit. You are going down with me. I am Deckard Wizard.

David Yorkshire. I would love to punch his face the next time I see him at a gay Counter-Currents meeting.

No Pity For The Majority.



There is a dumbass facebook group called “Subtle Half Traits,” and one user writes in the comments of a TikTok post (of a stunningly beautiful Eurasian woman):

“there’s a lot to unpack here, but my first impression was: rip my Indian father & white mother... my ‘white dad’ def has ‘yellow fever.”

Followed by a sad emoji.

Irony, isn’t it? You got to take a white man to have the kid. So what the fuck is it Maya?? I am suppose to be a white liberal and try to judge her not by her skin or race? That itself is a whitewashing of difference. This bullshit universal liberalism! You will always hate me for being a white guy.

Go fuck yourself.

Anything they don’t like is a “fetish.’ But certainly not the depraved notion of homosexuals! No!

They don't fetish other en! They certainly don't fetish thinks and young boys! As if Fetishism, the F word, is the new racism.

"Fetishism is a code word for anti-white." Remember that saying? Bob Whittaker? Something like that?

Not like I believe there is anything wrong with being "anti-white." In fact, I am anti-white! That is to say, anti "white" middle class values. I am pro European survival and pro ethnic identities, and the reproduction of the family and capital T, -Traditionalism. I am against the middle class and the whitewashing of human society. Capitalism is the enemy, and it's not for the production of European-descended birthrates.

Should I say, "Capitalism is a code word for anti-white!"

Get it now???

Of course, capitalism will create the “white” class, but shall never let anyone of a sense of racial or ethnic identity. We have to smash capitalism.

If I have a so-called “fetish,” who should I reproduce with? Disgusting white women? Be gay? Are you kidding me? I might as well be a white nationalist and reproduce and have white children so I may never have Eurasian children. Because, you know, incel hapas will say they will all be like Elliot Roger, so I should just be a white nationalist and play “gibsmemat” to Asians (whatever that means).

### **ASIAN LIVES MATTER!**

I understand the club scene completely. There is something wrong with “house shows,” of white people punk venues, and there is something wrong with “house music,” in 2020. House music has been dead for about 20 years! Those who still call the club scene “rave” are complete gentrifiers.

Rave was an English scene of the 90s.  
Today? It became a commercial thing to sell  
“EDM” and hook people onto social control.  
People forget why they even go out  
“clubbing” to begin with.

Intimacy! Yes, that is so true. The other  
thing, hedonism, that goes for people who  
are useless nihilist to begin with. Clubbing  
has a false sense of community becomes its  
distorted in its own hedonism. However,  
punk venues are the same thing... just for  
white people.

If I had to choose between punk venues or  
club scenes, I would choose the club scene.  
However! This club scene must play good  
electronic music, not bullshit top 40s or rock  
stuff. It must also fill the floor with beautiful  
nonwhite women and a few chads here and  
there.

More gay people, yes.

I remember I would casually enter Moodring, Rebecca's, Venus in Furs, Happy Hideaway, Bossa Nova, dance to great club music. Maybe at Moodring they will play the 80's house, the favorite is Strings of Life. I remember making out with a fat white chick to that say. I couldn't grab her by the pussy because she was so insistent that I don't. And many other times I have dried sex.

But I also recall great times with men. I should actually say boys, as never did some ugly ass 30 something or 40 year old touch me. No way would I settle for that. If I having dry sex with a guy, he must be under 30, a femboy, or trans. Sometimes I'm just not into the guy and he's having the best time of his life.

I remember Halloween night at the VICE factory. Many, many, many white male / asian female couples showed up. Haha! Adulterating! One dressed up as Junto Ito! Wow! You go girl! Suck that white dick!

But I recall this one time, a cute Thai kid with a vaporware attire and large hipster glasses approach me. I guess the music was kind of glitch tech and not approbate for Halloween night. I was spying on a white girl dressed as an angel and an asian girl dressed as a devil. I really wanted to introduce myself to her.

Soon the gay kid started dancing with me, and I liked it. We kissed, did gay stuff... and then the dreaded cliché comes always when two are on the dance floor.

He whispered in my ear: "what's your name?"

"Francis."

"Sebastian."

Already I liked his name.

"I love you're eyebrows!"

I have never heard anyone ever comment on my brash, Eastern-European eyebrows before. I can possibly grow a unibrow and look like Helga G. Pataki from Hey Arnold.

“I like your glasses,” I think I said.

Anyway, I wanted to get to the point that dry sex is a lot like complimenting one another in an age there is so less of it.

I remember in the 8th grade, my teachers telling me to complaint another person and tell them how much I like everyone one.

So we had to write on a piece of paper, to each student, what we liked about them.

I forgot what I wrote. But I remember a lot of girls said I was “tall.” One with a heart. I remember masturbating to one of them.

Music can be expressive. I write “can” be because most of it is garbage. We tend to forget that we as people have the power...



Power...

Such a fucking distraction. The “smart phone,” the internet, “talking” to friend through digital letters, insane feedback loops if a girl does not text me I get suicidal. A hear the bleep every time! Social media makes people narcissistic, dependent. lazy, bored, and damages ones eyes. We are all false artists that pretend we are the protagonist to an anime nobody is watching.

What was it? Yeah, the power to express ourselves through the medium of the device. We are too fucking lazy to do it because of this 21st century sky net killing everyone and making use reproduce with an Asian elite.

The middle class is fucking done. Yellow power!

Cringe? ...maybe.

The beautiful blonde girl and the pretty yoga pants Chinese girl are still stalking about blowjobs they sort of regret but builds their character as cosmopolitan characters to a movie nobody is watching.

Imagine! Right now... if that live Jazz band in the park was a live tracker program. You know? The old, really old way, to make electronic music in the late 80's? Sorry, as of late August, I just been into tracker music after getting into Iris. Reagan Jones, Andrew Sega, Matt Morris, good people. I just regret it I didn't see them sooner at the Union Transfer last September.

Hey, I was trying to pursue a beautiful Indian princess!

That didn't work out. Maybe I can be the next Julius Evola. Never say never!

Writing is a process of fighting inner demons and creating the narrative to share with others. I am terrible at that. Yeah, you saw

what I WAS SUPPOSE to accomplish by the end of 2020! “A new, critical art piece about Boards of Canada! Never been done before! Wow! Watch the reddit page discover the interesting opinions of Francis Forever! A raging lunatic who hates everyone!”

It took me three months to write a book about board games, and a year about board game design. I might want a break from the scene entirely. It's dead for me. Who cares my hobby was board games? Can I have so many rhizomes interest it all intersects with both Marxism and Fascism? I'm not sure. I guess why I have always been an artist, or at least a wannabe Art School Fascist. What a gay term. So shallow. Either you have ethics or you don't. Either you are transgressive or you are not. I tried to write about my interest in the transgressive arts, and that was sure a shit show!

I believe I was suppose to get a review on Counter-Currents so I won't share the fact

Greg Johnson is apart of a gay far-right facebook page? Whatever.

Here comes another review for my self-published books! One star out of five! "Gutter trash!" said by Dudley the boxer. Look at this insane idiot! Wow! He is nothing like David Foster Wallace! At least my Asian girlfriend is cool about talking about race, which means listening to black music black people don't like anymore!

...Was I suppose to be a blogger? Back in 2013, was I suppose to have a fringe reactionary blog why I hate feminist or something like that? Then I would be rolling in the dough and have my own video and WorldStarHipHop and get illegal blowjobs by Onlyfan girls, which I am sure AnxietyWar loves to do all the time.

I started my first blog actually in 2006. It was a blogspot, where I wrote in poor English and talked about things I like, in favor that the other side may like what I like. Kurt

Halsey, LCD games, Trendsetter and The Followers, Original Hamster, “micro house.” All while my shithead dad told me to play football and I just wanted to go home. I think the football coaches knew that too, and never once told me to play a single game in my life.

Fucking faggots. I am so glad I punched that Indian kid across the face in high school. That bitch Texas coach screaming and crying, like HE WAS THE ONE that was getting sue. Good, I hope he did get sued. He’s in a so-called “sport” that supports violence among young kids.

(Maybe I could of been the sportsguy, and then I would of got a Japanese wife by 28).

Black people don’t change much as the grow old. They were the same back in 1991.

It’s only white people that spout and jeer about their unique, fucking unless “regional identity.”

“Oh yeah, there is such thing called a Philadelphia accent!”

No there is not. I'm calling you out Stephanie. You fucking cat-lady whore with a useless PhD degree. I hope you enjoy selling out your people just to make an income from your equally retarded dysgenic “Italian” family!

You should be stripped from your PhD, immediately. You don't have a fucking clue who Dieter Rams is and that should disqualify you in the first place.

...As well as anyone who attends at state school to get a PhD. A fake institution to uphold middle class values and rip them of their profit before this country sinks into the ocean.

I do, however, respect anyone that gets into Ivy schools, elite private institutions, Asian majors, and disciplined cartoonist.

No doubt about it I'm a rich kid and proud of it. Maybe that's why I hate the middle class.

Never was a college drop out. Misguided?  
Absolutely. The middle class only cares about money, not reputation.

I could borrow money and be a PhD. I don't feel like. I just would become a raging Marxist and teach queer studies at Vanderbilt.

I love New York. Fuck every other city. That includes you Cincinnati. Garbage Kentucky people with chills for gentrifiers.

Not to spout regional identity, but New York, LA, and San Francisco are the only cities you are going to meet beautiful Japanese women in America. And tons of queers. Subaltern cities can't do that. Charles Murray is right.

Maybe I should share my love story about Patrick and Mitski? It's a screenplay. A screenplay that could of got me a Netflix

special and live out my dreams like in Stuff White People Like.

Maybe the only thing I can do is complain and write my traumas over and over again until everyone gets why I am such an emotional mess.

I did like sex with trans people. Anal is controversial. Imagine being high, and putting your dick in a dark, wet, moist, poopy cave. The poop is so not good. I would rather take my dick and “see-saw” it between the butt. Its like a knife going through butter. Pat asked me to do anal a couple of times. It’s interesting for sure. Do you have to be high? Absolutely. Forget what Allen Ginsberg told you about his Sphincter muscle.

“Whoa! Maggie Lee is so cool! She couldn’t show her friends Kids on her laptop while she was getting a fem boner! OMG girl tell me about that one time you were high on LSD! Wow! Brave!”



I'm straight edge. I don't do drugs, and I am not an alcoholic. I am a one beer queer. One time I was so drunk, I was sleeping over a friends house, and all I said was "I need a dick in my mouth" over and over again.

Something like, "Hey! you! I need a dick in my mouth. I really need a dick in my mouth! come over here! put your dick in my mouth!"

No one ever put a dick in my mouth. But my drunk self really wanted a dick that night.

I been in situations where I am naked, in the bed with the guy and my rational self comes out.

"No, sorry, I can't do this!"

Yeah, watch Femboy Fishing all you want. I dare you to get in bed with a gay guy. You will not have gay sex. It's just not in me.

Ok, a gay asian guy? That's different. That's more like a girl. I could do anal, only for 10 minutes and then just jerk on his belly.

I don't like sucking dick. I never going to suck a dick. Only if I really like the guy and I feel empowered acting like a sexy woman, which I am not. Would I swallow? I am likely a spitter.

My sexual racism is strong. What I mean to say, is that I have preference when dating. They say I am a racist for not dating white girls into Crass. I'll hit it. But her life will become worse as I do. She will be one her deathbed with her 12 cats, "I am so glad I had sex with over 100 men in my lifetime. God gave me a good life."

As Andrea Dworkin once said, this is truly "the last laugh," of a victim of date rape.

Think about all the nerdy boys in high school. They were all complete nerds, school shooters, incense, whatever... and then

became “gay” to feel a false sense of empowerment. To pretend and role-play that they are blonde bimbos that get lots of hits on Tinder and have a fake gay pornographic career.

There is nothing more empowering than a gay porn star. A Colby Keller.

I watch the Johnny McGovern show and all he interviews are gay men who think they are female tinder sluts. It's a lot like guys who think they are women.

Again, I am ok with trans. I want to be the man, and I want the trans partner to be a submissive, obedient, and caring woman. None of that “I hate men” bullshit. I will call you out for what it is. A fake loser guy sucking black dick and saying you are empowered, but actually a dumb sissy bitch loser.

I am ok with gay black dudes who love white men. But they must only like white men! It's

disgusting and horrible there is degrading porn of liberal sissy white sucks sucking big thuggish black guys, when really, world peace and diplomacy can be improved if black gay guys suck off white guys. This would ultimately cure racism! Black men would worship how kind white men truly are.

As for white guys sucking off blacks, they are ungrateful on both sides. There is only one good side, and it's black men sucking off white guys, and I am in favor of that type of nationalism.

I could even protest and show support by filming a gay black friend of mine sucking me off and putting it on Pornhub! It would be truly a beautiful, aesthetic experience. ...To be gay in 2019, there is three things:

1. Mimic desire from society. (Rene Girard)
2. An honest form of weakness. "I'm weak." (Mishima)

3. A search for identity in an age against the natural Darwinian world. "Why do Chads and Staceys have to rule over us." (Mishima)

So convenient at this hour, at 3am, to have a digital typewriter. The Neo Alphasmart. What an undercooked device of the last decade! Surely the Astrohaus Freewrite Traveler may follow in its footsteps.

(a complete product endorsement, I know. As if our entire lives are one big commercial)

I am crying in my sleep. A part of my mind tells me "masturbate, forget about it, go to bed, you are tired." Another part tells me, "this is how writers struggle. Put your life on a canvas to show the world how you really feel."

People tend to write novels like a game. There is a start, a resolution, a climax, an ending. This person wins. The act of play can be fun, but not the entire novel.

My mind is all over the place. There has always been an error with the written word for most people. I deeply appreciate it if you, the reader, can pick up this book, find a few words to reflect about, and continue going about your day as you walk the Williamsburg bridge, with a copy of this book in one arm, and a reflection of your thoughts in your head.

Readers read. Writers write. It takes time for the reader to digest what was read. For a writer, like myself, it's a matter of my fingers working the keyboard and getting it down ASAP.

They say writers need to read in order to write better. Yes, to some extent. Have the readers ever wrote more to become better readers?

It's not like I am trying to become, or at least, Dom DeLillo. God. The four awful horsemen of centrist political thinking for white people: Dom DeLillo, David Foster

Wallace, Cormac McCarthy, and Thomas Pynchon. Am I forgetting someone? Harold Bloom is a total fraud and I should never mention his name. ...I just did, as well with the other four idiots. White Noise was ok. I am not going to pretend they are cult figures and I can't hate on them. I actually sincerely hate all of them.

DeLillo reads like a comic book. That is the point I am trying to make. This book, right here, in your hand, is a comic book! Sorry for spoiler alerts! There is just some people who don't get why the world read a cut-up seen work of Peter Sotos to begin with. Male feminism, yes. But as well the narrative going back and forth from anger at the reader, the people, the subject, to as well being damn good researcher and critical theorist.

I feel like I am handicapped when only allowing myself to the medium of a Neo Alphasmart. (Again, do I have to explain to you this art every other paragraph?).

I should just giveaway the entire purpose of this book to begin with: ...What is art? Something that was questioned at my time at The School of Visual Arts. ...The School of Visual Arts! Ask, how do I go about writing, formatting, and organizing my thoughts on a canvas?

Is it like the Chinese language and single icons, even pictures, evoke a certain memory or feeling?

Surely, everything would be about aesthetics, and like a weak subcultural fashion statement. What a piss poor why to look at art. Only kids in their 20s believe in such stupidity.

Maybe I can be cool like Misery Tourism or Delicious Tacos. Just start upload nonsense art projects, and then Matt Forney retweets me and I become internet famous. Even “Estnihil Omnisestnihil” is annoying to read, They are all Asian apologist, AxA, like us.



You think I would cheer on for these guys and celebrate their work... instead I'm trying to live my own life as an example and help others do the same.

...What is creative writing?

Is a mere attempt of art, but for those who use the English language medium? I can write random shit until someone has the patience and understanding to get what this entire document is about?

Growing up, I use to play board games with Colin. His dad was Ron Silliman. He makes no sense. I can't believe someone like him is loved by an elite class with a bad taste in art. Xing and Ketjak reads like a retarded boy on acid.

Who has the time to read your work anymore? By the time you write past 800 words, you don't feel like adding anything new anymore. The mind is empty.

What ever happened to rigid homework reporting like the boomers did? Yeah, sure, Jim Goad does it weekly. Who cares?

Who has the intellectual capacity to read 800 words on a flickering computer screen? Everything becomes a “shit post” and the troll world becomes an illusion of what is actual fine art today.

Maggie Lee. How that cunt wants to be like Million Dollar Extreme. So precious.

Do subgenera of music and fetishes relate? Maybe. Digital Hardcore and Asian girls? I see it. I don't think that is a fetish at all. It's subcultural! ...Dick Hebdige? ...K-punk?

I can't stand this bogus internet art world. I really don't want to be apart of it. “Estnihil, you are so clever! Look at you! 1,500 followers on Twitter!”

I don't even have 1,000 on Twitter, let alone YouTube.

Am I a bight for talking about a period, 2015-2017, and no one in 2020 can fully understand that time ago?

I was on YTMND.com since 2009. Nobody cares about that. I am Andrew Sega, but cooler.

I hate the boomers. I hate the internet language. So not me.

I love Alt-Porn and Eon McKai. Who remembers that? Am I too old? That was before the alt-right!!

It's 4am now after 1000 words later. You, the record, the second person, flip and view my tangents while reflecting upon your own critical thoughts. Yes, this book may be given to a friend of yours, collect dust in your room, or go straight into the trash. Your choice.

Likely you are reading this on Google Books or as a PDF file, so all of this doesn't matter.

...How do I get followers on Twitter? Do I just say random nonsense like Alex Gendler and all of a sudden I am now, what you may call, "Leftbook."

Holy shit, how fucking gay is that! ...He dated Amber Frost. She sucked his dick!!?

They say all you have to do is "be yourself." Don't think about "social media" as a one-man army of attracting potential new followers.

2016 is gone. By 2020, the corporate elite has control over everything you say on social media. It's completely useless. The media is the message. But I really I don't want to go down that path. "Metapolitics" is bullshit, and roleplaying a gay Greek society won't do us any favors.

Words, slang, lingo, all of it is subcultural, and has its consequence of guilt by association.

I don't want to be that bitch Maggie Lee and attract lames retards who still think adult swim bumpers, or avant-garde art as comedy is funny.

...No offense to John Pelech or Frank Hassle.

I think I should get to bed.

...Dorothy H. I miss you. You are a beautiful person. I know I can't talk about your kid, but if I have to, I will take care of you and your son. I will move to West Hollywood if I have to. I am a man and can show you that.

I just had a flash right now. Outside this porch, I stare across Willoghby street. The house Al use to live in, it is now controlled by a femboy and some lackey hipsters. It is a nice day out. I should maybe make a ritual traveling to Washington Square Park and sitting down under a tree, and start typing everything that comes to mind. My mind, it struggles to focus on what needs to be done, and rather focuses on pleasing escapes.

I am suppose to go on the computer and look for a job. But every time I tune into Richard Wolff, I hear America is getting worse every month. This is worse than 2008, or even the great depression. Yet outside feels like another day in paradise.

I have a copy of The Art of Living by Epictetus. The Sharon Lebell interpretation. I can read and reflect where I am in this linear life. Or I should get to work and actually write something of merit.

If I had actual work right now, I would enjoy it everyday. If there was a timer to clock in and out everyday, things would make sense. That itself an old fad of the last century. Jennifer. I remember you in my Japanese class at Montgomery County Community College in 2014. You said you were going to attend NYU soon after. Did you? Did you fuck a lot of nice hipster white dudes along the way? Everyone but me?

I gave you the manga as a gift. I have to remember what it was called. You always hanged around with that fat white chick and ignored me. You would rather talk with a white soy boy who believed the native americas were wrongly killed by English colonialist.

I remember starring out the window. All I thought about was learning to talk, learning to find the right moment to talk to you.

Usher's Yeah plays as the car drives down Willoghby.

I was 22 at the time. I don't think I was considered an "adult." I wasn't so sure if I knew I really loved Asian women. But I secretly did. I was just shy about it. I was overcoming my gay phase and was in that tipping point of awkwardness.

I have critics who say I shouldn't drop names. Life is but a dream. Life flashes right before your eyes. I don't believe in privacy. That's a concept made up by liberals and

pervverted capitalist. It happened to me. I demand justice. #MeToo.

Did I really have friends in community college? Actually, my boomer parents sent me because they wanted me to figure it out on my own what I wanted to do. You know, with a half million dollar trust fund while pretending you are a middle class bum from Pennsylvtucky, this leads to confusions, like I should of done Soundcloud rap.

Why are Chinese people ugly and miserable? All their families huddle inside one building made for two people. They eat garbage food and share the same clothes. Three of the kids go off to NYU and marry white.

Do these insect people realize the beauty of the backwards, suburban white families that pretend there are no riots outside to begin with?

I think they want that wax museum. Or at least willing to take it over.



Hey, I tried learning Japanese for four years and was rejected from JET! I should of killed myself there. The Japanese would of loved that!

But when I do meet a Japanese woman (as they are only in NYC or LA), I feel like I on Cloud 9. All that bullshit Roosh and Aaron Clarey taught me about how dating, or how capitalism works. Game itself, a sin, but as well a tool to survive in 2020, is a form of schizophrenia.

I remember having clumsy sex with Meg. I was on top of her. And out of nowhere, she said "Get off! You have no game!"

I wonder if Meg ever read Roosh, or for that matter, if "game" was cool kid lingo among Chads n' Stacies of the early 2000s.

John K just had to touch his animators and he got it. Even Donald Trump points out, "just grab her by the pussy!"

I tried those techniques before. They do work, just with easy women who give sex like it's a handshake.

Maybe I should harp on another confession. I was a virgin until I was 26. I never put my penis in a vagina till I was 26. Ok, at 17, yeah, I got oral. Yes, there was naked cuddles and jerking off. Tittyfucking at 23, yes. It's just I didn't want to go outside the roast. Noooo. It was wet and scary.

Even eating out a girl was pretty much forbidden. A Jewish girl told me how to eat her out. I was coughing and gagging. But her patience respected me and she liked it when I was struggling. She was having power over me. Maybe this is her revenge on the goyim, no?

I guess I now have to eat out a girl if she likes me. I did enjoy eating out this pinky goth chick. I'm afraid, however, I will get some bad STD. So I'm watching myself.

No, I will never eat ass.

I'll let someone eat my ass. I will not eat  
theres.

I do like when a tongue goes in my ear. That  
is chilling. And I like doing the same.

Sadly, this novel feels like an OkCupid profile.  
And then you will send me a cheese pick up  
line: "Shall we walk the Williamsburg bridge  
together?" And then you will get a 40%  
chance of getting back. Plan the date ASAP.  
Zoomers and millennials and dumb. They  
have a terrible attention span made up of  
fried dopamine receptors.

I watch the normal, privileged, white couples  
bike across Willoghby like it's another day in  
paradise. Another day where the money is  
spent from mommy and daddy's trust fund.  
Another day you can have romantic sex and  
Netflix cuddling in your plant infested closet  
room for \$800 a month.

I might just become a NEET in 2021 and live with my parents in King of Prussia. Jim Goad was right. This is my legacy. Living with my parents to save money when the country burns. That shows my true masculinity. Where I could of worked the night shifts at Ikea in Red Hook, make 600 a week, and rest goes to a bitchy Viennese asian-baby-girl that will break up with as soon as you can't buy her fancy sirloin hummus anymore.

I always like the feeling of waking up in my room in King of Prussia. Where did 2008 through 2012 go? Did I do something wrong? The autumn smell of experiencing high school for the first time. Being 18 years of age. Having severe muteness and going to speech therapy because of it.

I always identified myself as a queer. Fuck you Timothy Jackson of Rosemont College!! You don't even know what being gay is about. Let alone being bullied for being politically incorrect. You and your gay boomer

fantasies of Nina Hagen or Hunter S. Thompson. Bitch please. Maybe I should post that rebuttal letter right now. I was oppressed by the patriarchy!

I never once listen to an episode of Chapo Trap House or Red Scare and I don't plan on it. They are the worse type of people that will never accept who I am. I am a queer in this society.



Mr. Jackson,

I write to this letter to inform you of my incredible disgust with your work as a professor and intellectual.

This comes from a previous student of yours who has attended six different universities, earned his MA, and is now recently attending a doctorate program in sociology.

As you came into my mind the other night, I thought it would be nice to reminisce on your pitiful display working for a middle class institution for money and status-quo. Of course, I attended Rosemont College, and I don't take much pride in the place, other than the fact that it did have an esoteric library of forbidden literature.

I don't know where to begin, other than the fact I should get down my complaints now.

Was it the students? Absolutely. The worse pampered white girls I will ever see in my life that will amount to nothing but being a slave to some rich men out in gated-community suburbia. The men? Did not exist. Other than what we call the “soy boys” of post-capitalism. I guess I was the only sane voice on this insane campus.

I remember you presenting Fredric Jameson to that class. Sadly, half of them made remarks about the neoliberal capitalist system they loved and less about doing something to fix the system.

I also remember the day Donald Trump got elected. What joy and fun. All of them cried. I don't even care about the man, more about his urgent reply to the nationalism that is always neglected under capitalism.

The hilarious “social justice class,” the gossiping day-care, how Rosemont College will live up to the quality of Yale! New York University! All these kids out in South

Jersey are saving so much money going to a suitcase school!

All of this, because everyone wants a degree to make their parents happy. The concept of “non-profit” and “non-profit” are blurred.

Everything at this point reads like Sokal Squared. When the very professors and intellects KNOW their institutions are being corrupted by money, wage, and middle class taste... where are people like us suppose to go?

I should address the fact that as a young kid, trying to make friends and struggling with paternal abuse and neglect, that I was treated with greater disrespect at Rosemont College. In particular, your class and the students you wooed over.

It might be your Christian persuasion that you may see things as flowers and rainbows, but this in itself deludes you from those who have radical ideological points of view, quite



common in academia that is fighting this real “culture war” you mimicked in class.

It is left vs right, politically speaking. But they too are meaningless labels. Look at the streets today. It's racial! It's class! An insult word, “Karen,” is targeting the very white girls who attend such gated schools.

When I addressed such issues in class, even when I fumbled and was shy, you backed out. You were scared.

I once talked Paglia. You chickened. ...Boards of Canada? Do your research.

Yeah, say I have a “point blank” when understanding of Derrida. Who are your real opponents Jackson? Who do you work for?

I don't think I am being disrespectful. I am merely addressing the fact you playing favorites with other students and shaming me when I had to say something interesting.

It's pathetic you do this for a living. You have harmed many students in the process of your ideology.

Ask for my background? I am a musician, writer, activist, blogger, avant-garde writer who spent time with people and saw things. I am willing to talk about mean people who say curse words that you didn't like hearing in class.

And how in the world can you still like Harold Bloom, Thomas Pynchon, that-thing-called David Foster Wallace, all while being religious and teaching at a girl's school? Money? I guess so.

Here is a name you should add to you syllabus: Jim Goad!

Oh, wait not Heidegger? Is it too hard? Is he a big bad nazi?

And that one time you thought the class didn't know who Nina Hagen was! Oh please, she was in KMFDM. You didn't know who Atari Teenage Riot was!

My further research was with regards to homonationalism and how gay people are attracted to far-right circles. That was something real that a true Marxist can admire. ...do I have to explain to you the postmodern taxonomy behind all of this?

But seriously, I plan on doing a doctoral study around the subject of Asian American pornography, which you may find icky. Already I have work around game design, and that's something more people should at least take an interest in.

I have written 6 books! All with ISBN numbers in it! People buy them! They want to listen to me! They actually want to hear what's wrong with America!

I am digressing. This letter is really about me then it is about you.

I want to further write to you that you may have harmed many other students under your power. If you are curious of my ideological or political persuasion, I am an anti-capitalist who sees neoliberal capitalism as a threat to human life, and that modern “social justice,” and the political “left,” is a byproduct of this. I would be something of a Zizekian, but despise “power structure” analysis and all postmodern professors. I am an advocate of queer and punk rock culture, and savior for the transgressive arts. I am common like most people, that there should be an urge back to principles of sex, race, and work. We need to own the means of production, we need gender roles back, and we need to respect racial differences and as well interracial tribes of people.

Maybe you should read E. Micheal Jone’s Logos Rising, as it sure to awaken you to the

pursuits that is actually happening in the world and at christian schools.

Many things happen only on the internet. And to further this point, all work is done on Zoom! How bizarre!

Is it social control? Absolutely.

Welcome to the world that was neglected for two decades!

For example, I came across this antisemitic article on Harold Bloom. As much as I hate Bloom, this academic is spot on:  
<https://www.theoccidentalobserver.net/2019/10/29/harold-bloom-1930-2019-unconventional-jewish-guru/>

I know my Jewish lit, thank you. I took a class at Temple University with regards to it.

Did you see Joker? It is a fantastic billion dollar film which attacks the root of the

system. I'm sure many people saw the film and act out those desires in the street.

I write this letter also out of nostalgia, knowing for sure you are too busy and won't answer back. We really don't have freedom of speech anymore.

There is so much to unpack this past decade and the decade coming ahead. I hope the paradigm changes and you start treating your future students with respect, not with conformity.

I am busy pursuing greater pursuits with people outside the Don DeLillo little college-on-the-hill Hitler studies, that a girly student of yours was offered by. What a joke Jackson!

You really think I will fall for your cabal fake celebrities of centrist liberal thinkers? "Oh it's the English canon!" You are just in denial of your middle class values of being an uptight liberal.

Hey, maybe you should read Jim Goad and get back to me. Maybe it might make sense to you?

I write this letter with honesty that I knew for sure you were censoring something, somebody, someone.

This is an honest, polite letter with artistic intentions, that I need to get off my back.

It wasn't nice being with you. All you cared about was "the other students being mad at you."

Grow up Jackson.

Was I ever respected for my interest in Yukio Mishima or Haruki Murakami?

I guess "the Asian canon" isn't your thing. The entire English studies department is concealed Eurocentric racism. Only the most intelligent know this.

Take this honest criticism. It's worth it.

-FranCis Gendered.



...I been carrying a knife around. A pal gave it to me. He's apart of Friends Stand United. The supposed "anti-racist" punk squad from Boston that beats up black drug dealers. I appreciate knives. The way it's shape, throwing it up and down while walking down Tompkins. I did hurt myself one by accident, ruined my entire day. It's fun to show it to other friends, that I can protect myself from anyone.



I was mugged back in January by a homeless black guy. I ran inside the Walgreens, hugging him in fear. We called the police and they escorted me back to the dorm. The cute Korean chick, Rachel, with the green hair, called me to report the crime. I once imagine fucking her. But the small french kid was gaming her before me. Typical. Both of them midgets. Let them talk about Xiu Xiu in a politically correct, middle class manner. He always wanted to get what he wanted: Asian pussy.

This awful bitch named Yanz hit me up back in late June. I was securing a place in Bushwick. I thought the date went pretty well. I had to take a bus back to Philadelphia at 1AM from Newark. I saw a promiscuous Mexican brains have a bad trip. The Ambulance took her away right in front of me.

...I am having a Murakami moment right now. A fake, Japanese-Proust moment. Sandii - Drip Dry Eyes. Actually a cover,

from Yukihiro Takahashi. I believed I listened to Sandii's version first. It reminds me being back at the Tyler School of Art and fantasizing over Ami when I was just 22 years old. Tears would flow out of my skull. I just don't want to go there. The way Ami pretended she was good with Ms. Thornberry. God, what a fraud. Thornberry, a fucking gatekeeper for The Japan Times and pretending to not know what "long noses" as an insult in Japan means.

White people you fucking idiot.

I would Google search her just to make fun of her now. But I think Timothy Jackson deserves the hatred more. Thornberry is a liberal agent that needs to be fired from her position.

Imagine, being a sheltered "white" kid from Pennsylvania suburbs. Both community college and state school tells you to "enjoy" your life. "Don't ever leave the state you were born from! The middle class will always

love you! This is what you were meant to do in life!”

What an illusion. A real metaphor of Plato’s cave.

...Yukihiro Takahashi’s Drip Dry Eyes is just as good as Sandii’s.

The song would bring me drip dry eyes. I just don’t want to go there. 22. Starfyer 59?

Sometimes I think, “yeah, I could of been the normal kid who gets sad the guy of Black Panther died, and have a Chinese girlfriend who expects me to make \$88,000 a year, as I mindlessly pay for her place, fuck her brains out before bed, and live this fleeting moment, only to marry a stuck up white bitch who is an ex-feminist and slut.”

Yanz... she just entered my shit list.

I got up this morning, 7am, just to have coffee with her, again, at Familiars. The gay soy boy blue bunny place.

She is so bubbly. I get the hug, eye contact, I watch her nice plump tits jiggle, I can understand why she is hungry for white cock. The tattoo of the water drop of her wrist, is that suppose to mean she has justified hatred against men? "They don't understand me! The white guy from SVA fucked my brains out, I thought I was going to live happily ever after, and then he was cheating on me with another Asian or white hipster girl! Boohoo! A tattoo will not truly make me Western! My patents in China are going to be so mad!!"

Yeah Yanz, keep talking how you have life bad. Keep talking how you use white guys without girlfriends, who been sheltered their whole life, confused about their own sexuality, and you use them as plutonic objects.

You are not going to cuck me. I am going to cuck you.

There is a good reason your first white boyfriend left you. You are just culturally dumb as a Chinese girl. You don't understand there are mindless white guys "who just happen to have a thing for Asian girls" without going for their own white girls. Why? Because we can't fucking stand them either. "White" is not a real identity, but a fake one pushed onto us by a eurocentric elite that think it's too good for the world.

My great grandparents settled this country. We have the papers. I am a French, Irish, Hungarian, Polish mixed person of American origin. I am the true hispanic.

What am I suppose to do Yanz? Go to France? Marry a French women? My grandma would love that.

You talked about how you are too much of a Robot, how you barley contact your parents

everyday. Yet at the same time, so happy you been here for the past five years and fucked around with a bunch a guys, hoping to live your romantic fantasy of falling in love while keeping the culture around you like Sex In The City.

Yeah, I got a date with Cherri later at 3:30PM today. Is it because I am cheating on you? No. It's because I don't trust you. I would trust you if you showed me any sign of devotion, of love, of kissing, hugging, just text me you dumb bitch. Guys don't date other women to cheat on you. We don't just modern women how slutty they are. We hate feminism. We will do anything for pussy, but we will also lie to you because we think if we fuck you first, we can change your mind.

I am about to block you in a bit. The last thing I did before you went back in, I tried to kiss you. You backed off. Said you were seeing someone. Is he white? Tell me Yanz, is he white? Why are you seeing me instead? Why the fuck are you using me? Do you not

have any cultural standards? Am I suppose to patient and I will magically get your pussy? Or do I have to give you weed dummies or some gin so I can rape you for your own good.

Yeah, the one night on 4th of July you texted me, "I'm so fucked up on weed gummies!"

Really? My 4th of July sucked. I spent time with this stingy Jew from Somer's Point and some white girl insulted me for being strange. You think I have a fetish Yanz? Is that it? Maybe you have a fetish for soy boy white men that make lots of money, that cater to your perverted desire that changes like a lightbulb. Anyone wants to tittyfuck you Yanz. I was just thinking about it as we were walking around Bed-Stuy.

I ask you again, "is the guy you are seeing white?" I ask with honesty.

Two things will happen. I will block you, delete your number, block your instagram,

and you will be on my shortlist for the rest of my life. And hopefully, when I will see this white boyfriend you are seeing, I will make sure to jump him.

Or, shall you be quiet about things, you ask me out on a “friend” date, while I slowly take advantage of you and cuck your boyfriend.

Sweeter revenge is cucking the guy you are seeing. No way will I be a cuck and buy you shit while you prefer a while guy “better” than me.

How fucking dare you Yanz.

You talk about your own depression, about that sad break up in February. You can have any white guy you want Yanz.

You know about inches? About guys from the Catholic faith? About average looking men who knows too much about Atari Teenage Riot and Shonen Knife?



I guess you wouldn't know. Andrea Dworkin echos "the last laugh." He had the last laugh. You're "ex. You were duped Yanz. You were raped by a middle class soy boy who will look back and say "life moves on... but hell yeah, I got to fuck an Asian chick."

That's what you are Yanz, a fucking pump and dump doll. You see why I am straight edge now? Why I got a pal into Friends Stand United? Why I want to do the right thing?

I thought women, like most of the middle class, are like intellectual men. Nope. Wrong. The guy just had good game and raped the shit out of you Yanz. Why? Because you are dumb and fell for it.

Just like how you didn't tell him you saw mw this morning. Oh, I hugged you, did footsie, I saw you liked it and kept talking. Did you delete your Hinge yet? Hinge banned me because I started with the opener of "tell me about your daddy issues?"

Got daddy issues Yanz? I don't have a dad. He's a piece of shit to me. You feel good about yourself?

I did go in for a kiss. You backed off. You completely disrespect me as a man. Don't ever waste my time again. And don't you ever dare bitch about how you can't find a good man. You can find anyone.

Even a clumsy black guy straight from a Ralph Bakshi film can get the sweet n' sour pussy.

I guess I am starting to think I am a gangster from Hey Good Lookin! I see myself as an animated gangster with the knife I carry around.

The gang I belong to? AxA. Once Asian Aryanism, but started to fly away from Hinduism, Evola, Biker gangs... whatever, never was my style.

Call it “Asian Aestheticism” instead. The letter “A” can mean anything. But the first “A” is Asian, for sure. The lower-case “x”? That’s a tribute to the straight edge scene, to the anger punk rockers have to feel, or the militant anger of agitating in the sweet tradition of GG Allen, Jim Goad, Lydia Lunch, Richard Hell, you get it.

Hanging out with Lunch at SVA was an amazing experience. I loved when she yelled at me. Remember when we asked her about Swans, Richie? That was great.

I want to focus on a people-of-color party who sees the white middle class as destructive as gentrification that lies and charades about it.

In NYC, LA, Chicago or San Fran, there is no middle class. This is why the middle class despises these places and start talking bullshit why “Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Houston, or Denver,” is so much better. It’s cheap for your white Trader Joe’s

and Whole Foods to plant bases there and not be around hostile black people. Or just the right kind of black people that like the neoliberal order most nihilist whites love. It's pathetic. The state colleges are into this billion dollar brainwashing program so law-abiding, pseudo-intellectual white people many reproduce and uphold the status-quo of irony, eclecticism, and staying away from sincerity. Afraid to be someone. Always pretending there is not such thing as an ethnic identity, but a universal, individual one.

I hate white people. Sheesh.

I don't ever want to see myself as white, but that's what I was raised to be. Not French, not Irish, not Hungarian or Polish. Just a white kid who has no real ethnic identity.

...Do I dare present the first draft of my "manifesto" to everyone?

I now present...

# THE ASIAN ARYAN MANIFESTO:



Apocalypse culture is here.

In an age where homonationalism, post-neofolk, and seapunk all exist together, the possibility of an esoteric Asian Aestheticism, or AxA for short, is an evolution of this cultural process. We are over Straight Edge.

Postmodernism collapsed on itself. An older generations dies out to leave their country for a new people. This is the Kali Yuga, but also the start of a of new golden age.

There is no denial that a corrupted, decadent elite runs the West. Individualism is promoted at the center of capitalism, ignoring authenticity, while advocating inauthentic transhumanism. Corporate logos become religious.

The normative is hated. Queer culture is supreme. Punk Rock was once criminal. Now it's been compromised by capitalism. Everyone must be eccentric. McDonald's is our welfare system.

Voice and expression is continually censored against Neoliberalism. No new art can ever be made. There is only truth-telling subcultures under capitalism. Nationalism is the ultimate attack on the system. The normative will never understand art.

While transgressive art is promoted by the elite establishment, it also hates on “hate.” The new transgressive art is expressed by the hated. We are hated, but also hate society.

Transgressive art is for radicals. It is meant to offend everyone. Those who can feel hate are empowered. No one can stop them. They have nothing to lose. We can't die.

Truth is good. Authenticity is the truth. The new transgressive subcultures will live by and tell the truth.

The pages of Juxtapoz, Giant Robot, and Amped Asia became ideology. It is no longer an Instagram or Tumblr meme. Like the Soundcloud goth rappers, the spectator fears it. The Soyboy is finished.

The fascination of the East has consumed the West. The West left its body because it hates itself. Only the East remains.

AxA is against everything. AxA is punk. It has its own art, fashion, music, slang, attitude, philosophy and communes. It is the byproduct of what the elites wanted, but also a mimic desire, a screen memory, of both the millennial and zoomer generation's desire for better art and people. They have become Eurasian.

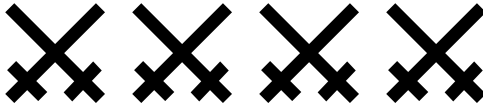
Blame anime, hentai, or video games, Heideggerianism will always win.

The Xiu crosses is our symbol. We are transgressive, queer, eccentric and openly Eurasian. We are nostalgic about the myths celebrated in Neuromancer and the future that is still denied.

Embrace hate to start the revolution. The 60 Second Wipeout is coming. No pity for the majority. Us against them. We celebrate our identity.

No more clown world. Only AxA.

-Count Francis Forever. November 2019.



...I will never be like Gerry Reith... Claus Brinker, I already reported you to AntiFa. Get out of town you fucking hipster racist faggot. No one likes you!

Brandon Kiss, you are a fucking faggot and I know you work for VDARE.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [31.08.20 13:00]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

brilliant

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 10:30]

[ Photo ]

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 10:30]

This slut has another thing coming.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 10:33]

<https://youtu.be/iV8mIgMy4vs>

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 10:54]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

I love it when u force girls to divulge the race  
of their s.o.

It's reckless and gutsy.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 10:55]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

What's that?



Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:17]

I will block her

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:17]

I could cuck her bf an advantage

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:17]

wut lol?

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:17]

This morning I was already holding her hand  
and she liked it

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:17]

lol

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:17]

She was so confused and laughing

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

But if she goes dead again, and only text me  
every 8 hours, forget it.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

Shes using me.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

I launched in for a kiss this morning, she laughed and backed off

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

"No im seeing someone"

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

Even though this is the 5th date we are on.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:18]

Shes using me.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:19]

If she says her bf is white. Forget it. Bitch was using me.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:19]

Wasting 3 months on her. I am looking for long term and wife. I can't be around Yanz.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:20]

She pretends like she has it so hard.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:20]

Fucking cunt

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:20]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

ouch, sorry bout that.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:20]

Writing about the reaction in my new book  
right now

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:20]

[ Photo ]

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:22]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

One time I tried to hold hands with a Chinese  
girl (from China) who I was sort of  
unofficially dating and she slapped me

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:23]

It's not easy for everyone to recover from  
that stuff

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:23]

I was messed up for like two weeks

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:23]

My best strategy to get over it is to play  
some vidya

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:24]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

It turns out Asian girls can be just as flaky  
and slutty as white girls, they just have  
better attitudes and are more polite.

Which counts for something.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:24]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

You are a true man

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:25]

That's brave

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:25]

Asian girls want the d too, can't blame 'em

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:25]

I fantazie about girls throwing shit in my face and punching me, so I can be like Jim Goad and preach about it to the white middle class that gets it all as handmedowns

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:26]

ooohhh that's a good pre-emptive strategy for rejection, I never thought of that

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:26]

eroticize it

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:26]

that's actually genius

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:26]

I'm a syndicalist / proletariat when it comes to work and DIY ethics, but fascist in life philosophy.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:27]

I hate liberalism, individualism, and the concept of a "resume" or "meritocracy" so much.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:27]  
We are not blank slates with "freedom"  
Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:27]  
Everything is hindu.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:28]  
yeah, I feel the same way. It is weird in my  
case since I have always thrived in the  
meritocracy, which is against what naive ppl  
would think about ppl with my beliefs

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:28]  
When we kick ass and put life in our hands,  
only a few can do it, not a mass of people.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:28]  
Its struggle, PTSD, and gives up power over  
the middle class

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:28]  
However, tattoos are a sign of weakness

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:28]  
Weights are glorious

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:29]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

Video games? I stopped. I just rev up ok  
cupid and keep going. ...as revenge.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:30]

Men should be the only ones to date multiple  
women. Women should not.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:30]

hahaha u a real nigga

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:30]

So when women cuck us like this, we only  
want you as long term, wife, and sole  
intimate lover.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:31]

And we know, through female sexuality, you  
are cucking us, we will cuck you and  
persaude to stay by sex.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:31]

Thats why Yanz is ungreatful. I got Cherri on  
as a date at 3pm today.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:31]

I want to get with Olivia.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:32]

But Cherri has to show why she wants me,  
and why I want her.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:32]

Cherri is really cool, but I hope shes not  
some dumb bitch whos using me. ...because  
as men, we are the only ones that should use  
them, not the other way around.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:33]

Sex in 2020 is the only way to conquer a  
women, by the 5th date.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:33]

I wish it wasnt like this, but its post  
capitalism, its the decay of the usa bullshit

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:34]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

I do unironically kind of believe this. I kind of  
unironically believe in soft patriarchy.



That is because I don't trust women with the power.

If men have the power, we will take care of women and erect a house and a family.

If women have the power, they will use men as sugar daddies, put off marriage until they are 35 (or maybe forever) and be milf instagram hoes

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:34]

I would rather want to be Japanese and polite.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:34]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

The difference is honestly

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:34]

They want a white man

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:35]

Wmaf is a better dynamic and harmony in 2020

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:35]

The decaying middle class knows this.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:36]

Lifting weights and hitting the gym is a great revenge fantasy and punishment for our failures and shortcoming. I just want a vest, with badges why I am a bigger failure and queer, like a punk rocker.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:37]

Only then to be buff and overcome any depraved and decadent idiot who thinks women are like guys or immature teenagers.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:38]

Get revenge, show it to a girl who rejects you, make her cry she lost out. Point it out she is the piece of shit.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:41]

Yanz should be sad that "i got Oli" as backup. Why she shouldnt ask me out as a play date boy.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:41]

I never ever, ever, CIZ\_Netrunner about exs  
on a date.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:41]

I want you.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:41]

For good.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:42]

yes, absolutely the right thing to do

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:42]

I hate when girls CIZ\_Netrunner about their  
ex

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:43]

For Cherri, im happening im seeing her  
today and see where it goes. Olivia is in the  
back of my mind, but Cherri has a chance to  
persuade me. I date Cherri as a test for  
Olivia. Is Oli loyal to me or cucking me?

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:43]  
Women should never control the belief of  
dating of "hes two timing me!"

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:44]  
Men should be on multiple dates, women  
should only stay with one.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:44]  
If vice versa, we get incel and Joker

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:44]  
Why I wrote my first book.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:44]  
yes

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:45]  
The middle class lied to us.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:45]  
We want a healthy family life back.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:45]

Only the rich elite can make their sons anti  
incel by lining up dates like its the 1950s

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:46]

Hence why there are so many white males  
with 90000 a year jobs with clueless asian  
gfs who do the same at nyu

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:46]

and/or high-IQ women are just less slutty

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:46]

Its class warfare

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:46]

They are the enemy

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:46]

Why i hate soyboys with asian gfs

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:46]

And why axa is us

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:47]  
NYC is the stomping ground for a Eurasian  
subculture to happen.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:47]  
[In reply to Francis Forever]  
Not gonna lie, the stereotype of soyboys  
going for asians isn't totally false

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:48]  
I hate them because they are the true  
fetishizers

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:48]  
Rape dolls

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:48]  
Marry white later

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:48]  
Pussies

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:49]  
[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

Women should never be in power. They are biologically dependent

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:50]

Soyboys' relationships with the Asian are going to go sour bc they are annoying soy ppl, and they will pull the Asian girl down into their lower, weaker state of existence in the process of their relationship ( bad influence)

I just feel bad for the Asian girls who don't deserve this

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:51]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

And too often too narcissistic to be a magnanimous leader

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:51]

[https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Expedition\\_Robinson](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Expedition_Robinson)

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:51]

When women were put on a island, they starved and destroyed each other

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:52]

Men? They made a civilized, homonat society.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:52]

lol

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:53]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

Yes!!!

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:53]

It's funny to see the shitshow that happens in female spaces, bc women often don't know how to exist normally and be serious, respectful, etc.

So much of their thought processes are based around using sex appeal on men, all the time, to get things they want.



What happens when they are around girls  
and can't do that?

This happens to work environments like  
nursing, too.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:53]  
And the soyboys brainwash her, gaslight her,  
into neoliberal thinking because "this is what  
other white guys want"

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:54]  
Move to Japan and be like Donald Keene

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:54]  
"Asian feminism" is AxA in disguise.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:55]  
[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]  
Women believe they are protagonist to a  
movie nobody is watching.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:56]  
Gone with the Wind is a huge blame.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:56]

lol

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:56]

Amber Frost is shit

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:56]

Maggie Lee is shit.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:56]

Who else?

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:57]

I hate white women lol

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:58]

My plan is to find a Southern girl, move to the South or something, and hopefully that will be better

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:58]

Nashville is ok

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:58]

Find a rural Southern girls who doesn't know  
who Breonna Taylor is

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 11:59]

I'm set on Asian.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 11:59]

yup

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:00]

I can't see the same happiness in American  
women.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:00]

Russian, east European, yes they are  
beautiful.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:00]

I had a realationship with a hip Russian girl,  
Polina.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:01]

It felt like an Asian with blonde hair and  
Euro body.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:01]

She went to the gym alot too

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:01]

Knew Russian.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:02]

Liked when I lead, had respect.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:02]

People from foreign countries just seem happier. Hispanics from Mexico, they smile and laugh and have ethnic communities. Asians, they just seem happy.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:02]

I think America beats ppl down

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:02]

my instinct is to blame the black-white issue bc that has defined so much of my personal life

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:02]  
American women are not even a race. They  
are all dysgenic white hispanic.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:02]  
being cuckolded by blacks and trying to get  
along with all the whites...

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:03]  
Black booty is nice, but not the world.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:03]  
Better is she acts like white or asian.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:03]  
Loves white culture

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:03]  
yes

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:03]  
makes things 10x better

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:04]  
Wmbf has the lowest divorce rate, but the minority. 2015 pew research.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:04]  
Rich elites marry wmbf

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:04]  
Bmwf is for the poor

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:04]  
Highest divorce rate  
CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:04]  
yeah, but it is such a small percentage of all marriages. The black woman who gets with a white man must be really desperate, and vice-versa.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:05]  
But also transcendental about race realations.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:05]  
Hes into black booty, she likes white abs.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:06]

However, the consequence is that the kid is...  
black. Not a third position... just black.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:06]

Its lucky if its white with black features.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:06]

Thats why no white guy goes for black when  
they know this.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:06]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

yep

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:06]

However... wmaf/amwf = Eurasian

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:07]

yes

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:07]

Thats a stark difference

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:07]

there is interesting variation in Eurasians,  
too

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:07]

yes

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:08]

The white middle class hates black because  
its not middle. They love asian because it  
gives them a real, racial identity. Eurasian.  
White is not an identity, and this is the  
exidtential crisis among soyboys.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:10]

It's a particularly bad problem in the NE.  
Like, my Italian family was still trying to  
cling onto "Italianness" all the way into my  
parent's generation, and so were some Irish  
ppl, etc.

I think white makes more sense in other  
areas. I think the Southern identity, though  
hated so bitterly and so full of guilt, is  
actually somewhat real. Still not nearly as  
real as a Euro national identity though.



CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:11]

It's kind of a mess

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:12]

The failure of "white" imo is related to the unwillingness of Italians and Jews and so on to "own" the "white" identity in the way the Anglos did

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:12]

which is inevitable bc diversity tends to fail

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:15]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

This is a boomer dilemma where I tried to tell my own parents "there is no such thing!! you were duped in the 1950s!!"

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:16]

E. Micheal Jones explains it well.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:16]

Even Marx

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:19]

Sometimes I feel its good to make a girl crazy and jealous over you if you tell her "i have friends who are girls" and show a picture of one with you.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:20]

Never say you are going out with her, just say it as asexual friends.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:20]

They fucking deserve it when they reject us for being too "nice"

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:20]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

oh, yes they fucking do

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:20]

no need to convince me! lmao

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:21]

Make them regret it they didnt fuck you sooner.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:21]

We shit test them

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:22]

I've never been good at game, but one of the takeaways from Roosh that everyone would benefit from (and it is sad that he is disowning this) is the necessity of it in the modern liberated world. How else do you lock a girl down in the world of Sex In The City?

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:23]

[ Photo ]

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:23]



CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:24]



it works

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:25]

[ Photo ]

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:26]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

The secret is, the so called liberated porn star hates her life. Sharia her.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:26]

yes, exactly

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:26]

the secret is that game is not about pump and dump

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:27]

Yes!!

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:27]

it's actually about getting them stuck on you

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:27]

at least, imo

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:27]

Pump and dump is for retards

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:27]

Blacks

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:27]

Sex comes natural for intimacy and love

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:27]

You as the guy initiate it without words

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:28]

\*nodding\*

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:28]

[In reply to Francis Forever]

Why nerds and teenagers have such a hard time. Its almost like rape, but not.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:29]

"Could you please give me permission to kiss you?"

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:29]

"sober consent to kiss you?"

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:29]

You can say that if you are sexy and funny about it

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:29]

Like sean connery

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:29]

when I was in college one of my friend's feminist gf was unironically into that stuff

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:30]

Be funny, joke about it. Detach but be serious.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:30]

that's when I turned my back on whites, and tried to be the token white friend to the Asians

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:30]

that, and a bunch of other traumatizing stuff.....

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:30]

[In reply to CIZ\_Netrunner]

You have to be sexy about it while be ironic

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:30]

Its not what she wants, its really a kink.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:31]

Go with it without words.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:31]

ye

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:31]

White women are shit, all the time

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:31]

So i feel you

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:31]

Asian however was a dream come true

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:32]


TFW

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:32]  
Coming of age, as a teacher, as an intimate  
person

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:32]  
I got lucky.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:32]  
I got lucky.

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:32]  
But lost it soon after i lost middle class  
status

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:32]  
I became 

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:32]  
haha

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:33]  
Could of shut up and worked accounting



CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:33]  
you'll get the big boy job soon enough, and  
the female flakiness will decline as if by  
magic

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:33]  
Chinese fiance who is a bitch when not  
sharia her

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:34]  
But mainly, its seeing western decay, how  
asians save your life, and meeting bad people  
who control you.

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:35]  
It's really no joke

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:35]  
about saving your life

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:35]  
Asians basically taught me to see other  
options to the options I understood about  
black-white, Christian-atheist America

and they showed me what harmony between  
collectivism and individualism might look  
like

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:36]  
anyhow

CIZ\_Netrunner, [01.09.20 12:37]  
gotta run for now, good luck

Francis Forever, [01.09.20 12:40]  
Ok!

--

Line up this way!! Dazzling young Asian  
women are lining up for innovative white  
men, like Mason Lindroth, and are willing to  
pretend their life is like an anime nobody is  
watching. Meet the young gentrified Chinese  
girl who got her MFA from School of Visuals  
and looking for a white hipster to rape her  
without her mindful consent. Her demanding  
interest in weed gummies, because that's  
what the real cool people do in New York

City. You can't be authentic unless you are liberated like everyone else.

...As much as I like Robert Inhuman (Smith), he is such an idiot when it comes to clarity and the English language. Same with his butt buddy DivTech who think it's a "they." I struggle to read his "viral self" seen when it came out in 2009. I ask him about the straight edge work of Jim Swill, and Inhuman completely draws blanks. Something is not right for sure. Does he mean half the stuff he spews? Recently on his new instagram, he has been publishing the old pictures from the days of 2004-2014. All of it is collected in the Side Torrent disc, which I still have somewhere. I do like what Robert has to say, about technology and punk culture. "More punk, less rock" is a good tag line. But as a decade passes, something in me felt this is bad. It was correct to something like that in 2005. Today, it spouts gentrification. Technology sure accelerates, but upholding values of

“punk” is like upholding the “white” identity spectrum.

Let me further elaborate now on why I recently have issue with whiteness and “white” as a racial category, even ethnic.

There is no white race. White is a term to describe a collective of European descended people with an admixture of mystery meat. White simply cannot not be an easy definition to assume one is French, Italian, Irish, Polish, whoever. It is rather something of a middle class terminology. The same way “black” was used to describe the “African American” situation. Malcom X did not know who he truly was. From Sundan? Congo? Nigeria? We don’t know.

I am willing to be a X character myself.  
Francis X.

My roots are in the American settlers. But what does that make me racially or ethically? ...American? That was the plan in

the 1950s. This was the supposed golden age of America. "Whitewashing" everyone to be one race: American.

"I hate Americans," and what they are really saying is "white Americans."

"No don't call them that! Say you hate 'white' Americans!," my gay black friend once said.

Then what is it? White or American?

An ethnic group is the basis of a biological and genetic difference in a human person. A race is a collection of similar ethnic groups, but they do not all have to get along with one another.

Having an ethnic identity is important to one's natural connection to nature. However, a "racial" identity is a mere umbrella term to describe a collective of similar ethnic identities working together.

I often get this confused with ethnic groups as races. Like “the Japanese race” is quite different from “the Chinese race.” But are they ethnic groups of East Asians, no?

I believe ethnic groups who love life and their family so much, often they will claim their existence as a race.

Materialism, subcultures, and social constructs are NOT real, natural, or authentic identities. And that includes being “white” or “black.”

This is what confuses me about “Black Lives Matter.” A group of seething “black” people hating on “white” people because they too do have a real identity, but are jealous over... class!??

I don't think white people understand their identity is a fictions one. Or they do, but in action, act upon the world as liberal, universal, and “democratic.” Under a fake identity, everyone is just an individual with

subcultural consumptions. It is not possible to start a collective.

So what happens under a bond between white male / asian female, white female ‘ black female, or any real identity outside of white? ...They both become white! Jennifer Suzuki in her book “Confessions of a Submissive East Asian Woman” argues that the future Eurasian race will not be “Eurasian” in a sense, but white! This is because white people naturally cannot have the audacity to have an identity outside the socially constructed one they knew growing up in the sheltered suburbs.

So now the “mixed race” child is white, or maybe now just “multicultural.” See what happens?

I honestly believe white people know this terror, and wish to escape towards a real Heideggerian identity that is real. This is why so many white people marry outside

whiteness and into homogenous people...  
likely all Asians.

When a white man finds a white woman, there is a disastrous consequence. The white woman has no identity, and she upholds materialistic values of individualism the white man is trying to escape. This is why gurus like Alan Watts is so popular.

White men tend to act in ignorance of their own nature. They are philistines, art haters, and upholders of neoliberal capitalism (while ironically mocking capitalism, because they too know they never owned the means of production being a wage slave).

White women are not sexually attractive either. They dye their hair five different colors and try to like things intellectual and nerdy hobbyist like in order to woo a mate. Ironically, they want that mate to have a six-pack too.



I don't get it. I don't get why white people like the color black, why they like "dark wave," why they get tattoos, why they are naturally pretentious, why they hide their masculinity and then come off as passive-aggressive with regards to their liberal upbringings and being gatekeepers. This is not a natural way to live.

All because "mean people suck." "I can be transgressive because I am a smart white person."

All white people hate this existence. They are all nihilist, hedonist, all because they are duped with a fake identity: whiteness.

They say "black lives matter." Really? I haven't spout a white guy with a nice black girlfriend yet. Where is she? Is she into Beach House and reads manga? Or is the white guy a "swirler" and he loves rap, wears his pants down to his legs, and has a nice big booty ghetto bitch.

I love dark skin. The countless porn videos and hentai I searched with beautiful women with dark skin. I was jerking off to it since I was 15! I remember Powell David, the cute black girl in elementary school, that always wanted me to be her boyfriend. If only. Instead, she went with that fucking faggot Joe Keil. What a swirler!

I did sex stuff with a black girl. It's incredibly primal and nice. I love it. But I want a family and I have standards. I am a guy that is devotional and loyal.

I should of knocked up Maggie Lee. I just saw her Venmo stream the other day. "Wow girl! 6AM Glitter cassette mixtape! Brave! So cool! White guys want you!!"

Bite me bitch.

A kid just walked past me and asked if that was a digital typewriter. Yes it is! "Do you need a picture of it?", I asked. No. He went on his way.

As you can see, the process of art is important to those who are curious. Digital typewriters are important in the age of internet, smartphone attractions and the low-IQ invasion of Pornhub at our fingertips.

The storm of pigeons eat and eat and eat and eat.

I am not a white person. That isn't me. I left being white. I have a real identity. Whiteness is an abusive parent thrown upon us by our abusive boomer parents and oligarchy system that reaps profits from its people.

I hate liberalism. I hate individualism. I hate universalism. I hate egalitarianism. I hate hipster communism. I hate Chapo Trap House and Red Scare. I hate Cum Town for having Amber Frost on. That rich bitch.

But the best part of Cum Town: "We are here at the King of Prussia Mall. I wearing a dress, my blouse is out, and I am going to

sunk the first retarded dick I see. I am going to sunk his dick!"

King of Prussia, Pennsylvania in a nutshell, thank you.

I envision myself as that garage band in Craig by the Creek. I possess the body of Patrick Hyland. I am Tim Biskup. I am the king that has returned to take his place. I am not the final negro, but I am the new sun.

I don't even like Gene Wolfe. Did you pick it up? Especially the first line, "having cast the blah blah blah blah." It's something my older brother forced me to read. I wrote a funny anti-Semitic commentary about my first impressions of the work, and the Gene Wolfe reddit board flipped the fuck out at me. Marc Aramini said he has to keep it for his guilty pleasures. Oh well.

Caleb Maupin, what a wonderful man. The reviewbrah of socialism, or anticapitalist. He saw it all. He knows about scumbags in

political circles. The real struggle to find identity and to get rich without capitalism. While I walking the Williamsburg bridge to get to Washington Square Park, I was sweating and potentially “writing” inside my brain. If I only some big gay daddy dom came down on me and asked “what are you thinking right now” would I get incredibly impressive thoughts down on canvas than sitting down in the park and trying to recall what brain storm I had that fled only an hour ago.

They say you should always film yourself doing things. I tried to do that. Ended up like a Super 8 home movies type of ordeal. Go to look at yourself in the mirror and track your maturity progression. I can’t imagine how Dark Syde Phil does it everyday, and his life is in the shitters. He did this for us.

Film, a good thing or bad? Yes, it’s good. But everything, from YouTube to Smartphones, has made us regress into Skinner Box monsters. We don’t know what is real

anymore. Importantly, we want devotion and loyalty, but our anti-religious mindset and worship of technology has made us into sluts. We must break the system. We must convert to Islam, or some type of religion, in order to destroy the white class. Kill the white man. His time has come. The white man is the true nigger of society.

Sam Hyde is such an asshole. All of his humor boils down to shitty alt-right talking points because “it’s transgressive.” Yes, you can be “red-pilled,” talk of classical knowledge like Jordan B. Peterson, however a reduction of talking about race and hating on the liberal world order can’t be solely your shtick. It’s funny the first time, but become slowly annoying and unoriginal the second time.

Emily Youcis, that cocaine induced slut with a white nationalist Pittsburg leader as a husband. I hate hipster racism just as I hate hipster communism.

But it's cool when an Asian gal is racist. Its punk rock like Asian Man records, Max Rock N Roll, RE/Search, cool shit like that. I am an Asian feminist. And I love every single Asian feminist. Even the ones who suck black dick on PornHun. An Asian woman sucking black dick is powerful. But at the same time, misleading. I don't advise most of them to do it. Koreans should do it and abused Chinese girls. Afro Asians are cool as shit. I wouldn't mind having a big booty "blasian" girlfriend.

I think Jamie Stewart would like it. I think. Jamie, would you like it?

A racist Asian woman hates black dick and goes for white cock. That's powerful. At the same time, I hate the white race, and she should avoid buying a condo out in Denver with her soy boy white husband that plays Nintendo Switch all day and loves German metal. And laughs at every sentence because he is an immature, nervous wreck with a trust fund to uphold white values.

I would marry a racist Asian woman who hates black people and criticizes her homogenous society she belong to. That is Asian feminism. It is organic, healthy, and catholic in meaning. It is the true essence of liberated punk rock music. Imagine the art we can make together.

She could be Japanese and into 1960s fashion, music, art deco, and furniture. She could love Boyd Rice and Shawn Partridge.

I think I should marry a Japanese woman. They are like European people with Shinto Pagan biology and mannerism. It is the most beautiful language I ever heard heard and understood. The flower people.

David Bowie should of had a kid with Sandii.

The sky turns dark. It is the day before my 29th birthday. I should get up and find some food.



...As I walked back to W4 station, I saw an Asian girl grasp the arms of a happy go lucky white college frat boy, walking along side his white friend to enjoy the rest of the day.

If only I had that experience. If only I was the protagonist to that anime nobody is watching. If I was that white college boy. I would never been this self-destructive and punk rock.

Think about it.

Most normal idiots die of alcohol poisoning or drug abuse. Me? I'm straight edge. Never was a drug user and constantly I stay away from beer.

My neighbors next to my place, an ugly looking white girl and an attractive Asian chick casually drinking red girl beer and chatting about this guy or that guy and the dick they ride. And they think it's ok to make

of fun of people like me who are mean? Who are... racist?

Racism. What the white man fears the most.

The white man is ok with date rape, violence, police brutality, drugs and being an “adult.” But racism? You may be a serial killer like Ian Brady.

I love it when that one time I did a speech in Philadelphia on Asian Aryanism, and the so-called AntiFa agency Unicorn Riot filmed me. Boy, were they in for a surprise. Some creeps on their Twitter pointed out the fact I was a hater because I wore a silkscreen t-shirt of Ian Brady.

The Colin Wilson and Peter Sotos book on him is fantastic. Ian Brady, a nutcase, but a fascinating study.

People just don't get the transgressive arts. Best of all, there was a WMAF couple passing me by as I said they were going to rule the

world. They loved it. I ruined the party for everyone. I won.

You try to be so innocent Yanz. Like you didn't suck and swallow white dick before. Just like every Asian girl before you claims they are not into that.

Yikes. My roommate as an older Asian girlfriend too. Eventually I am going to come out to my roommates I am a Eurasian, a race mixer, an Asian Aryan, AxA, an Asian apologist, a Japanese or Chinese nationalist, just like them.

Will they be offended? I don't know. They will backdown and claim how white they are. They will be scared to talk about such guilty pleasures. Why DO they exist together as of February?

His girlfriend has an expensive Elements car too. She is really into that guy of white guy, huh? Fat, aspergers, STEM major, into German metal. It is a toxic relationship for

sure. To uphold white values and neoliberal capitalism. What a life!

Wow, that bitch just closed the screen on me. You know? To keep the bugs from getting inside? Since there isn't any plants at all inside. We wouldn't want a bug infestation inside, would we?

That bitch also told me I should put utilities and all in my name so I can help out soy boy with just the rent. You know, because I guess I have bigger credit to spend and I can be the better landlord to get both the roomies to give me money?

I guess toxic people are attracted to one another.

Oh Mr. K, I remember you. The dumb music teacher I had at community college at the tender age of 21. I remember your face and your terrible classes you presented to the Pennsylvtucky welfare.

How you asked me to see you after class that  
I wrote a mock Jim Goad piece with my  
opinions regarding classical music.

“This isn’t how you write a paper!” The face  
you made because you didn’t understand  
transgressive art.

How they once asked me, “who is Raymond  
Kertezc?” What a trick question!

And the one time the police came to my  
parents house, where I wrote on my twitter I  
would shoot up my school.

The students always hated me. They couldn’t  
take a joke. I got off the case, yes, and I  
wouldn’t charge with anything.

Maybe “terroristic threats” but it does not  
mean anything. I wear it as a badge of honor.

Oh Maggie Lee, how you wish to be like me.  
How you wanted to fuck me for the fame and  
not the intimacy. Oh how my blood boils.

A white school out in King of Prussia would love to accept me. ...Not!

How they lied to me. How they bullied me.  
How each and every white girl made fun of me and made me cry on the bus on the way home. How they gossiped about me.

And at community college yet again, when I did a powerpoint presentation on James J O Meara's "The Homo and The Negro," how the fucking stupid white jock in the back laugh. How I would love to put a bullet in his brain.

I heard him snark, "liberals are all in Germany! Get real!"

If the Nazis return, he will visit the gas chamber first.

(Writing is a lot like meditation. It's a lot like Primal Screen. Our own liberal society worships William Burroughs for being a transgressive queer. When you read an isolated zeen/pamphlet/novel like this by

some isolated lunatic, you sure want to call the cops on me again. Because you think this is all real and didn't read the fucking disclaimer on the first page of this book. When will art be good again? You read this because you want my evil.).

The Thai restaurant across from the porch plays Thai music until midnight. Sometimes I feel like I am stuck in India, or in an entire new place.

...I love New York City. I love everything about this place. I don't want to leave it. I don't want to go back to Philadelphia. Fuckadelphia. The place where white people go to rot and die. Philadelphia attracts white suburban kids who are afraid to leave mommy and daddy's boomer fantasy. The world is not theirs. White people flee to most convent city to spread what they know: gentrification.

New York City? A different story. White people are at war to exist here, which is a

good thing. Natural ethnic groups can create multiple countries here, all while making connections and creating art together. I'm so happy everyone is leaving NYC under Covid. Get each and every fat fuck out of here and make them move back to King of Prussia! Each and every fucking useless vessel.

I'm sorry you can't date rape Asian women at Moodring anymore. I'm sorry you can't buy expansive dishes at Hell's Kitchen anymore. I'm sorry you can't see a pretentious concert where you will stand still and tell others to increase your status quo. I'm sorry there is no plant shop near by and no Christmas lights to prop up to till everyone you are white like them. I'm sorry you can't have dogs here. I'm sorry there is crazy black people in the street hear that want to kill you, while you bitch and shrill how your no-name city is more violent and thus makes you a better man. I'm sorry the rent is not cheap enough so you can have three bedrooms and big enough space to have a house party or "punk" venue.



In fact, I'm not sorry. Good riddance. White people think nothing more than to "keep up with the Jones."

Like my entire family. I hate my dad. He is a fucking loser. He takes pride in the fact he is a "white nigger" and had no ambition to own the means of production. We got the money from my grandfather, yeah? But from you? What a joke.

The nuclear family was a mistake. I have to congrats David Brooks on that. And The Math Myth? It's real. Andrew Hacker is right. STEM is worshipped by the white middle class, only then to be exported and replace by Chinese and Indians.

You got two girlfriends to choose from with real racial identities. Choose a side normie.

This is it. Capitalism will fall in my life time. Nationalism is slowly making a comeback. But not in the case where it based upon class or upholding white values.

It seems like the left only cares about class, and the right only cares about race. Why not both?

Capitalism is the enemy and hurts both parties. We should go beyond these mere labels and actually talk about real realities white people refuse to talk about.

When was weightlifting racist? When was marriage and having children evil? What happen? Why are chads hedonistic and not settling healthy societies?

I hope Russia and China destroy this country from within. I believe in them. I love both their women.

The sunsets over Willgohby. Tomorrow is my birthday.

When someone is in control of their life, they own the means of production. Work, Race, and our own sexuality are taboos in this world. We don't know what work is, we don't

know what race is, and we certainly don't know what our inner, uncanny sexuality dictates us to do.

Let me fall on the yellow dress again. Let me see her one last time before I forget everything. Before I go. Vanish in thin air. Let my words forever be eternal and for the next rebel to know he or she is not alone. i too am suffering right now. You can feel it behind this English language. I want you to feel me.

I want to tell everyone that art is still alive. I don't have to go on Facebook and do 500 word tangents everyday like some do. Why don't they compile all those meaningless thoughts and put them in a book? Everyone would buy it. Social media makes our writing meaningless like throwaway food products. We consume their thoughts for free, but never give them money and collect the thoughts to share forever. To learn from. To guide us.

I could go on Facebook right now and basically have a discourse with somebodies, increasing my Mark Lombardi social web. Yeah. Say stupid shit so I can get famous. I can get the 1960s Japanese hippy babe and the Eurasian son and daughter with a house in Edgewater, New Jersey. All I got to do is talk hipster communism on Facebook for 7 years till I get a publishing deal with Versa books or Zero books.

I heard Douglas Lain is a complete asshole. Is it true?

I told myself the same thing when I was 14. Start Today! Just like the Gorilla Biscuits song.

I already have wrote six books and a Master thesis. I'm not sure what more to add. What do I have to do? A pseudo-academic study on homonationalism? I will pretend I'm James J O Meara and write postmodern nonsense and funny footnotes to grab your attention, because all of this is "creative writing" that

provides no value but the value of expression in the first place?

Then I think about the people who are going to buy my books. I have a few ISBN numbers left. I usually make everyone print on demand. But then again, I could buy 50 of these books and sell them on my Bandcamp. Would people care? I could drop them off at record shops and punky book stores. Let strangers find them. Call me on the phone and tell me how wrong I am with my work.

Maybe the joke is that this book is about nothing. Like the point of Seinfeld. A show about nothing. And the French avant-garde joke is a struggling artist thinking about the concept of art and his misunderstood sexuality. And then I will fall in love and live happily ever after working for some corporation and pretending to live a fake boomer lifestyle... just more jaded and still reading Julius Evola.

Maybe this is a comic book. And you, dear reader, can't keep with my random prose. So you flip to any page of this book to see if my words provide any value to you, like some kind of Greek philosophy, and you put this \$4 book down back where it belongs right next to the weird and unusual book section.

What is the meaning of all this? What is true value? Do you want me to be like Robert Tatum and talk about cartoons all the time with an anti-SJW leaning? Do you want me to say something cool about Asian girls? I don't fucking get it.

Is this suppose to be a script to a movie where some handsome actor plays me and is somewhat animated like One Crazy Summer or Monkeybone?

I am suppose to be like Richard Kern? Am I suppose to educated more about the underground arts and be a gatekeeper to such wisdom. In effect, that's how I will earn

my PhD from UCLA in Sociology and Marxism?

Am I just a racist and you think I am disgusting? Because I hate you? Am I like a crazy black guy in the streets of New York asking for your time to tell you why I am insane?

I feel like throwing pennies at you, dear reader, and the pennies are “value.”

I really don't get it. I just want to share my writing with everyone at The Music Inn again once this post-capitalist society is over with.

I don't want to be a citizen. I want to be an egotistical artist and fuck over everyone under me. I want to have a Wikipedia article and let cool kids cite me because I said something offensive or hate the system we live under. I want girls to throw their bodies at me because I didn't something hip and cool ages ago.

Are people that dumb?

Should I just record all of this on YouTube, so it can be more effective and reach a wider audience that can give me money and support me?

Does writing have a future?

Was I born in the wrong era at the wrong time? Did I choose a bad artistic pursuit.

...Writing? Why do I write in the first place?

I could of been a cartoonist. I would of been much happier.

But I backed away because every cartoonist I knew was a stupid fucking moron. At least in the English language, I can express my ideas more into logic and sequence than I could with a meaningless blob. Ask yourself. Why is this piece of art so special? Most cartoonist don't even have the writing skills to construct something of value.



Cartoonist are just as vague as white people  
that need to buy a house in bumfuckville  
nowhere.

I see my trying, my words, as pictures, like  
the Chinese language. Not a type of “fontina,”  
but only a group of artistic people can  
understand what I am trying to accomplish  
with my writing. That it becomes a visual  
thing like poetry.

I could of been a poet. I don't know the right  
words. So everyone happens for a reason,  
and these words make up for my lack of  
minimalism.

Brandon Adamson does it so much better.

Maybe I should blog a year again and then  
compile everything into a book. I did that  
two years ago. It's my favorite book ever. I  
need people to comment on my work and  
move people. Is that even a thing?

I don't believe in Metapolitics. It's as bullshit as brainwashing someone to buy a product. Advertising. It's constantly on 24/7. How dose a punk band win? Advertising. Just like the thing it hates. The corporate gods know the game. They unlocked the puzzle with regards to brainwashing people.

Liberty Liberty Lib-ber-ty, Liberty!

Now I am starting to sound like a bad Dom DeLillo novel.

It's dark. Too dark. Watch me fuck it up with my roommate and his Asian girlfriend in the kitchen. ;).



I think I should write right now.

What a perfect time to write. After midnight,  
on my birthday.

I can't go to sleep. It's too warm. My AC's fan  
is on so low. Maybe I should put on cool?

I am actually starting to enjoy writing again.  
I use to think "writing" meant that I had to  
use a pencil and write every word down, like  
a manuscript. There is no "manuscripting"  
with fingers, as they are hitting the QWERTY  
keyboard faster than what a man can write  
in chicken scratch.

Plus, no one considers that the mind must  
stop, pause for a bit, to evaluate the correct  
word choice and in sequence how the  
thought process will come out.

There has been many urban legends that  
someone can be so good at writing, one has  
to "word smith" their way thorough. You

MUST STOP WRITING if one little word is misspelled correctly.

Hubert Selby Jr. told me to write, not to correct anything. That's the editors job. Go find one on Fivver.com.

Everyone needs a Ghostwriter. Everyone needs to express themselves someone.

As I said before, there are writers and readers. Readers just sit on their ass, and like soy boys who buy Nintendo Switches, they to buy any book title on Amazon. Nothing is learnt. Only a bunch of fleeting nonsense. Of lazy party starters and the right to be an arrogant nerd with aspergers. Less about art, more about why they have to cooooooosume in things.

It's called a library. Everyone should have one. And it's free.

Planet Fitness? That too is \$10 a month. You should join a gym and start doing cruel when

you are bored or feel nihilism coming about. The women who rejected you? She will regret her choice you once you see your new self with abs.

Working out is a pain. I'm a sadist that enjoys my failed choices, like a gay guy in a person who is being humiliated by his daddy master. I want cum in my face. Show me how much of a bitch I am.

That's how I feel when I lift weights. Its empowering.

My weak body. Ridicule it. Spit on it. Tell me how weak I am. Slap me across the face. Call me a pussy. Then, watch me deadlift. Watch me do the things under your punishment. Every time I am humiliated during a workout session, during 400 calories and lifting weights, you see my body grow. I become the gay master. I want you to suck my dick. I want you to be under me.

I will look in the mirror and see a queer who has true scars. His muscles.

...What does a man need to live his life?

He has is sleeping space for sure. Everyday he must eat. A shower would be nice. And man must poop and pee. And once in a while, a man must groom himself: haircut, fingernail clipping, shaving, brushing his teeth, maybe glasses? That's about it.

I ashamed to wear glasses. Even though I been wearing them for about 8 years now. It's because I star at a computer screen and become an alt-right troll hungry for some Asian cock.

It's nice to be dominated by a samurai or a Chinese 7-11 owner.

Hunger and sexuality go together. We must eat everyday. America gets it food however it can. We are so spoiled with food, we are the fattest in the world. Yet when it comes to

sex, we get nothing. We are all inches. We have to learn PUA, Game, in order to rape a decent woman (with non-speaking consent, body language, alcohol, common sense of needs, and mind games, of course).

Imagine if we had no food, but got lots of sex. We feed too much of our innate needs that we forget those urges are meant for the wild. That our own bodies tell us to have a wonderful relationship with the Earth and what we are programmed to do. In America, they are suppressed as materialistic possessions.

We have bad values when it comes to race, sex, food, and work.

We deny race, we fuck too much, we eat too much, and we think a wage is somehow owning the means of production. If only we had a better grasp of these innate, biological concepts.

Imagine if Jared Taylor and Richard Wolff become one person. Taylor talks way too much about race. Wolff talks way too much about class. Why can't we be like Otto Strasser?

I just figured out how this work is of great value. I am acting meta, yes. Everything is meta. Maybe. ...Actually no, no it's not.

Fuck Nitzon Hermon.

Everything is NOT art! Some Jewish bitch I dated told me that. EVERYTHING IS ART. How fucking corny.

She's mistaking art with work. Those are two different things. We enjoy work on a biological level.

Forget what Bob Black has taught any of you. Both the capitalist and anarchist have lied to us about work. We love work. Work makes us feel accomplished. It takes work to create art, the very thing that we love as



intellectual beings. It creates work to do many great things.

But is everything is art? Of course not. Rather, she should of said, "everything is work."

It was so nice when I tittified her in the shower, and laugh when I sprayed it all over her chest. I can't believe her dad was a Neo-Nazi. Now I see clones of her walking the streets of Flatbush.

I feel like a computer hacker when I write on a digital typewriter. Maybe I should stop talking about art and actually talk about substance and value.

I like jumping in my room and being a lunatic like Robert Stark. I like talking to myself. I'm proud of it.

Writing a seen or a novel is like writing a damascene program. Does anyone remember The Future Crew? Is that actually what I

would rather want to talk about? Tracker music of the 90's? Does anyone in the post-alt-right care about that sort of thing?

Maybe I should create a Twitter account and try to make funny statements of avant-garde quality like John P does.

No, never mind. That bitch Maggie Lee probably does it.

I am better than that. No offense John, but I am.

...Oh yes, Pat Kim. A beautiful, goth Korean girl that will eventually suck my dick. Richie, do you think that?

"It's a possibility. Yeah, sure."

I am a little tipsy at the movement. I agree with that.

"What if I have to suck her dick?"

Does she have a dick?

“Or what about her clit?”

Yeah, sure. I would do all of that just to please her.

I remember I was stuck in Margate with that stingy Jew Phil and that coke-addict greek kid Ted. It was a nice beach. However, the friends tried to at least calm my trauma over Justin and Stacey.

I will never be like Justin M. He was everything I was not. He was a cosplayer. Me? A kid looking for intimacy and friends. The middle class never liked me in the first place. I tried to play their games.

“Smells like corn beef. Popcorn?”

Yeah Richie, I am not so sure.

“Call me Max O. The O stands for occupancy.”

Nifty word play, I say.

“It should be easy for you. You have credentials, I don’t.”

Yeah. But I try. And then they see pill eater. And then they think I’m racist or I hate black people.

“What was it about the evil thing?”

John Balance of Coil. Play a video for me Richie.

It is a daring good quote. A Tiger beer and a Gay Juice later. How do I feel about things?

“People need something to do that for them. ...Something about embracing about the dark side. ...I shit every morning. It is sacred to me. Blood, shit, spunk. I’m not just a piece of meat. Apart from Christianity, you live among dead bodies. Christianity is about denial about responsibility.”

Richie said, "it's pretty good."

Put her address and name in the book, dude!  
That would be so ballbusting!

"Don't do it for me. Do it for En Esch!"

...So Yanz actually did suck some white cock  
and swallowed sperm?

And my ex likely did the same.

That is pretty much Freud's uncanny theory.

Imagine what Yanz use to masturbate about.  
Imagine what she wants to do. How she  
wants to be white. What she will do to earn  
the same respect as an artistic art hoe from  
NYC.

A Chinese girl gets perverted in only 5 years.  
Actually hates her parents. True feminism.

Where is this money come from to support  
her?

The middle class is selfish. To believe I am suppose to belong to such a decadent group of people.

Looking for work is another thing. Why should we look for “work?” We naturally work everyday of our lives. We breath, we strive, we are aroused by beautiful people, why should work be something that is hostile towards us? We should own work.

How does one go about looking for work? Constantly sending in professional-presenting cover letters, all too good resumes, and attached an example of my master thesis? It’s like finding work is just as hard as finding a thing called a “long term girlfriend.” It’s easy to fuck a girl on tinder, so as long as she wants to present herself as an object. But is work the same thing?

When does valued work want to fuck us?

Writing is a struggle. It’s also an enjoyable pleasure. Imagine the chemicals rushing in

your body when you exercise. Imagine those same chemicals, and of relief, when your fingers finally hit the QWERTY keyboard with tragic results. I don't care about typos. It's about the message. This is digital graffiti.

I can at least record myself before I get one step closer to death.

I was looking at a picture of myself today from 1997. I had the 90's cut (the bobcut?), the childhood innocence, and the photo material was so grainy and vintage. Now everyone is stuck on smartphones, which soon will also replace physical cash.

Digital keyboards are not known among most people. These devices too will run into obscurity.

I had to buy three machines for my family. This is my mom's typewriter. Alphasmart Neo 2. Actually, this is the same one I used to write my first few books and blogspot with. I gave this one to mom with the system

crashed. Just recently, I reinstalled the OS inside this machine and did a system reboot. It works like a charm again.

Because I am comfortable at my mom's house, I to get distracted from doing anything important. I don't want to look for work anymore. I don't want to write great books. I just want to stay in my bed with the constant air condition on and free food mom serves to me. Close to 30, and I feel this is the new spiritual prison of the 21st century. Imagine the men of Sparta, dying for a cause. Me? My mom rules my life. I am basically a professional retard that abuses the resources given to me with the draw of the cards.

I always use to think every grade in middle to high school was the same thing. A draw from the deck of random cards. Sure, I did get some shitty results. I never really was fully control in my life. Not even at the age of 16, when I had the romantic idea of running away from home and living as a crust punk



in Portland. I didn't do it. I just stayed in school until I got my MA, which took a decade later.

Now do I feel free? Not really. I feel like I am an agent to a game I don't want to play. I never signed up for this life.

Comfort is the enemy of the everyday struggle of the artist. It is so easy to lie and bed and recollect only the good parts of your life, and not bad ones, which invade us as Post-Traumatic-Stress-Disorder everyday.

It's too easy to sit on my ass and do nothing. It's so easy to waste my 20s away playing video games, and not actually practicing pick-up-artistry, social skills, a talent, anything, right now, that could get you signed on Dead Ocean records, or recognized by some social media agency where you make Instagram hipster humor.

Imagine all the beautiful sex Yanz had before she met me. 28, and she's a fucking slut. She

took it in the face in the shower, had 69 in a tent in the forrest, did some race play, got fingers shoved in her mouth, all because girls actually like being raped because this is what their so-called female sexuality desires.

They say, “she has to choose if she wants you.” As if she is rational in the first place.

You can say, “I want you to suck my dick.” But you could mislead her and say “Do you want to suck my dick?” That way, you can’t be judged off as rape in court, and it was her powerful “consent” to suck you.

I don’t believe in consent. Consent makes us as objects with transactions. We are used, abused, and empowered by, us as consumed objects. Individualism, liberalism, democracy, universalism, ...these are lies that bolster this hell. They said it’s “western values,” and the stuff white men made up to create suburbia with. Too bad whites are shortening in population and being place by Asians, and an entire class of Eurasian

mutts. Enjoy your replacement. You were in it for date rape in the first place. God will strike you down with a new group of people.

“The Chinese are consumed under world capitalism and global control. They reproduce at fast rates, and their bastard women take meek middle class white men who secretly can’t stand a life without an ethnic identity. The children, either full on Eurasian, or taken as “Chinese,” will decide a huge part of the future. The middle class is over. Whiteness will now be dominated with Chinese characteristics.”

...Why is it that white nationalist believe that you can’t be a third race? That you have to be either white or Chinese? Silly. That’s why they are fringe queers to begin with.

The crows caw outside my parent’s house.  
The sun glares with a mix of autumns  
beautiful serenity.  
I was 24 when Yanz first came to the USA.  
When I was working the night shift at Home

Depot when I was 26, she was riding a cock in Bushwick. The boy broke up with her. She couldn't stand it. So she got a wrist tattoo and made up some story how she's empowered. She still takes her weed dummies on the 4th july, just so she can get... "fucked up." What a joke.

Did you ever think about me? The real struggle I went through?

Milton Glaser certainly taught you. At least he wrote his signature on my MA degree.

I would like to not think about you anymore. But then I start to realize how many dumb Chinese people they are that just use white men like a bad french romantic comedy. It meant nothing. It was a horrible porno before the lock down. That's what he always wanted. You fell for it. And you are thinking it was true love.

I won't understand the nature of Chinese women who try so hard to be American.

Rich, spoiled, materialistic. I am a racist. I love Japanese women. But Chinese have to persuade me why they want to be with me without be a social status symbol.

Yanz, sweetie, it does matter that your boyfriend is white.

The same when Dai told me her boyfriend is black and “built like a fridge.”

Imagine the black cock be shoved down her throat as he demands her to suck it. You know, “out of love.”

FEECO Vol.2 is a damn good art journal. Art by yore sucker, interview with J.G. Thirwell, total AxA chaos. Got to buy Vol.1.

And I was only 26 when the first volume came out??? AxA is on the rise.

I struggle with such avant-garde terms. Is it “unpin,” “into mystique,” “transgressive arts,” “post-neofolk,” “pop surrealism,”

“queer culture,” I can’t seem to find the right words to fit in. I guess when you are too transgressive, like *Death in June*, everyone looks at you the wrong way. But it has to be the right balance between being political and being artsy and creative. Too much politics ruins everything, unless it’s presented in an autistic matter and is therefor queer. It’s ok to be a black neo-nazi. It’s not ok to be a white neo-nazi that tries too hard to be normal, yet still enjoys *Death In June*. See? Queer culture vs. social status conformity.

Sometimes, I think I am way to old-fashioned, and my knowledge or the arts, or skills in creating art, is not increasing, and I am not as random and eccentric as my best friend Richie is as the arts.

When I was 17, I spout things from *Realicide* to Peter Sotos. A decade later, I am a dead corpse looking for companionship. Maybe I got lost in a certain zeitgeist, and it’s hard for me to adapt boomer sensibilities. Sometimes I feel like a broken record.

It was a privilege to friends with Mitski and her boyfriend, I will say that much. And maybe, I am latching upon that innocence. I didn't even knew who they were in the first place. Now it matters. When I have flashes or stressed out, I think about how beautiful their life is and not mine.

I could of got Anna Akana on The Stark Truth when I met her last December. I was slumming it. It took me 18 months to write my MA thesis and judge other assignments from Deiter Rams to Dick Hebdige.

It's the strange thing that happen at the end of 2018. I tuned out for a bit, recorded album about Anna Akana, met her backstage later, and then pursued some magical relationships. I was working full time to make some easy money all while doing summer classes. My actual "blog" entires were graded school assignments. I had to take my professional level seriously.

Now after earning my MA during the start of COVID, I have to get back into being a free-formed (but highly educated) avant-garde artist.

They say “why are there so many typos in these these self-published works of yours?”

I don't know any real professional that would want to edit and publish my work without altering the message and re-writing everything I say. I don't understand why James J O Meara gets the leeway.

An art education is exactly like any other growing habit. Eating McDonalds will make you fat. Watching Netflix documentaries will make you stupid. The same as staring and constantly relying on one's smartphone for internet friends, “social media,” and consumption. It's the little gameboy that is killing our sense of community.

I get it. There is nothing out there. You live in Canton Ohio, and having no money with a



disgusting piece of shit dad is not empowering. One turns to Second Life and lives a life in a new vessel.

I would also advise killing your dad to earn a good life in jail. Jail is much more promising these days.

I believe it is totally justified to murder a family member out of anger or under oppression. To me, that is empowering.

I would think ghetto black kids would be the one shooting and killing rival black family members and being liberated by white liberals celebrating their actions. Actually, it's white people that are shooting one another. It's white people that shoot up schools. As I said before, white people do not have identity. You can see the extreme pressure one is under the white tyranny of social control. It is liberating to murder your oppressor. White fathers need to do nationalist-society a favor and choke already.

I can't imagine my life without a typewriter. I am getting to the point that whenever I feel deep feelings of angst, of being upset, of feeling confused, I know where my expression will be presented. I have to do it more often. It sound cheesy, like the intro and outdo of The Outsiders (what a shitty book, but good intentions), but when I see my words on paper, I know I really meant every single thing. I feel liberated on that fact. I don't have to write like I am a professional, like I am selling my work to someone, I can write how I feel, and other genuine people will deeply appreciate what I do.

Sure, there is some kinks I have to work with myself. But does that mean everyone should be perfect before writing? No. Like some faggot teacher is going to "time out" me because I have an urge to suck Asian dick. It's all subjective.

I don't believe in Foucault one bit. I am not going to say it's all "power relations," what a lie.

I love Wolfsheim and Camouflage so much!  
German synth pop and romantic new wave  
at it's finest!

To imagine all the struggling cartoonist  
online who beg one another for commissions  
and draw silly cartoons based upon public  
memes retards make to relate to one  
another. A complete, useless pursuit of fake,  
counter-culture social signaling no different  
from being middle class and insecure.

...Someone who has the privilege to own  
certain property. To buy a house out in the  
middle of nowhere, to be isolated from  
everyone else. Yet, where is work created?  
Virtually? The comment? If you buy a house  
in the middle of Montana, expect to work  
there. Are you debt from a house in Iowa?  
Expect to be a slave to that house for the  
next two decades of your life. All because it

satisfies the notion you have to be middle class like all the other white peers before you.

This is why capitalism is failing.

“I demand you shut up and work for us, because we can’t find anybody else right now who has value knowing this obscure computer program!”

I keep forgetting that when I have these rushing feelings, I must force myself to type the loud thoughts in my head on the typewriter. Note to self.

I am both an anticapitalist and a traditionalist. I can be a nationalist for my own people and as well a family fan that knows right from wrong in a catholic setting. But I am also esoteric like a Shinto poet or Zen Buddhist. Revolution comes to those who are transgressive enough to go through struggle, but fight for innocence and purity.

These things cannot never be commodified  
by class utopian thinking.

...That asshole Joseph Ducreux. Who the  
fuck does he think he is? A conservative  
traditionalist? Stop texting me. I'll come on  
Justin Murphy's show when I feel like it.

I gotta get McLinskey DoesAart on The Stark  
Truth. I should just come back on the  
podcast and start getting on cool people  
again. Stark asked me to come back on last  
week.

I had a sweet dream last night I met Anna  
Akana, but I referred to her as Gloria like in  
Big City Greens. I don't know Anna. I know  
Gloria.

I was at the beach yesterday. Imagine typing  
while walking on the beach. My thoughts  
were extremely loud. I heard new things I  
didn't knew about myself before.

I tend to write in an isolated environment. There are times where I am forced to be in a place where is toxic. For example, my parent's house. If I just threw them out and had it all to myself every morning, I will be happy. Or at least it was my own family.

I would to call myself "brave" to appease liberal audiences. I mean, Akana said she had "toxic" relationships before (Are you telling the truth Gloria?). And her sister committed suicide I believe.

If only I magically was her boyfriend. That is quite possible. But revealing my master plan here is also admitting my defeat.

"My evil plan to save the world, just you wait and see!"

I treat writing as if I am talking personally with the reader. I know it has been done before. I am trying to teach myself to write an actually narrative with fictional people inside my head talking. How much of that is

real, and how much of it is fake is too much to handle. It's all real, until you read the fiction disclaimer and the start of any novel. It's like I have multiple personality disorder, while contracting a film, or game, where these characters are talking to one another, revealing my true primal urges what I don't like about myself, what I don't like about living, my anger, my passion, and how writing is a tool for freedom.

I would rather "cut to the chase" and explain why I write, or what I really want to say: My life.

Selfish, yes. Important? Even so.

Writing helps me improve as a human being, watching every step how I grow like a weightlifter in his gym.

I grow when I go out on dates. I learn what to say, what to do, and how to make her have fun and feel secure around me. Sometimes I mess up. Other times I get lucky. It's hard.

But it's worth every failure. It's worth every one night stand. It takes work, not luck, to find and secure a woman that a man desires. The middle class has a cliché romance that all love and marriage is based upon luck within their teenage years to twenties. This is ironic because they end up with a fat, tattooed-up butch pig from South Jersey every time. Dating men or having sex with them is blasphemous in the middle class. So much of normal "white" identity is about a fake, constructed romance and intimacy in one's youth. This was a boomer fantasy, and now is becoming less likely to happen every fleeting decade. People shoot up schools because they missed this window in the boomer circle of life. Or they just marry Asian in their late 20s or 30s and pretend no one saw anything. How do you sedate a norm from becoming a radical? Give him an Asian wife. Make him shut up. Think of Irvine Welsh writes about it. You get the picture.

Brenda Song is married to Macaulay Culkin, and is a reminder to the public that he once



said “my children will be halfies.” Applause from the audience.

The smartphone has taken away a good decade of my life. The technology keeps accelerating while we are stuck sending digital letters back and forth thinking this will lead up to intimacy. Even the concept of “long term” reeks that it is only a consumer choice and not a spiritual duty.

Every type I type into the chat box with a friend, I could be actually using that same energy and effort to write it on the typewriter or in a book instead.

I feel like I am on the stage at the Music Inn, and this time, I have severe stage fright. I don't know what I should write about. Should I pretend I am John and pretend I am somebody else? All while in good faith I am actually a drug addicted loser who is harmless and means well?

But really, how is one a “loser?” Is this actually a game we are playing? Was I suppose to “win” at the age of 19? 23? 25? And I messed it up with my name being cited on the SPLC center because I interviewed some crazy Asian neo-nazi for cultural anthropology and not advocating terrorism? People are way too soft. Big Brother wants to control all my outlets.

I am watching an interview with Teabat! on SAGExpo. What an arrogant piece of shit. A Toby Fox rip off with insecurity issues. I hate all potential video game programmers and designers. They are the worse type of people that came about in the last two decades. It has nothing to do with the origin of video game design, and more to do with the system creating value out of thin air. Certain ideologies and subcultures are worshipped over practical and functional people. Capitalism is a threat against humanity.

Work can be an abusive relationship. The needs of the community is fleeting and not based in any value to society as a whole.

As the population grows, nihilism grows.

How much are these words? \$4? I can't believe it.

This is too much like a diary.

I can't believe it.

I. Can't. Fucking. Believe. It.

Fucking.

Believe.

It.

...Whatever.

10-27-19

[From Francis]

Maggie,

Last night was crazy. Yes, we had sexual contact. I know it was only two hours since I met you. But I believed everything you said was true. I didn't want to have sex with you. You had my trust.

I was helping film a scene for my friend's movie. That's it. After that, I would go home and go to bed by 1am. You came and just commented on the set. I thought of you as a stranger. But it was the right choice for Al to stop you and ask a few questions. I'm glad you stood around. My first impression was that you were goofy and didn't know what you were doing. Maybe you were drunk. But I was wrong... you were drunk. But you wanted to talk about your film and I liked it. Walking and talking with you felt so new. It felt strange, like i didn't know you. I felt

embarrassed like you wouldn't understand what an art film is. But you already knew.

I couldn't believe it was happening. I am talking to a decent looking stranger that I would never dare to hit on. I can't approach girls. I'm a nerd.

We sat down at Rebecca's and I ordered two drinks for us. My friend Al said "I was his mentor." That was such a nice thing to say. I never knew that. He left and gave us space. We entered the bar around 11:55, but didn't leave until 3am.

You have an interesting yet dysfunctional family. I am impressed you enjoy Larry Clark films. As cliché as it sounds, it's one point to understand that innocence does exist. You were yelling in my ear like I couldn't hear, but I could tell you just wanted to get closer. But I stood away. Did you really mean what you were doing?

We had a talk about music. Yes, we both have a selfie with Jamie Stewart of Xiu Xiu. But I did two podcasts with him. Not to sound cooler than you, but just to relate. He's a cool guy. Mitski, Japanese Breakfast. Beach House, yes they are all cool acts. And you got me when you said you had Atari Teenage Riot on LP hanging in your living room. No one has that. That's too hard to believe you are into that. I'm impressed.

You said I was "sexy" for being a novelist. I hope you don't mind me being transgressive and that each book sold only 100 copies each. But I'm on a google search, just like you are.

So my first book was about a failed relationship with a Chinese girl who made me obsessive and deranged. And then you said your first book was on a white skater boy who drove you crazy. It's like a parallel universe. I could tell you that you remind me of someone I grew up with, or that I like Asian women too much. And you said I have

to watch it with my book, but ultimately it's daring and transgressive. You were excited that I like that type of girl.

I remember we moved to the sofa and you put my arm around me. And you talked about your life at SVA, your day job, and the art you make. I gave some advice. I wanted to talk intellectual, but you pushed it to something different. You wanted something out of me. But I wanted something else. You told me about your favorite animal (rabbit) and favorite color (orange). And my favorite color was also orange (I said it first), but I liked seals. Very mundane stuff. I think you got turned on by orange.

You told me I was handsome, and you were confused why I was single. I told you I was a nerd. You said you were a nerd too (I believe it now, why are you going out alone?). I felt butterflies in my stomach, like reliving a high school memory. You are smaller than me and look socially awkward. I believe you.

I don't want to retell every point we talked about in two hours. But when you talked about your personal life, or your feelings, I just felt I had to hug you. And you asked me "are you single?" And the next thing happened, we were kissing. I felt you. I grabbed your cheek. And I told you, "I love your cheeks." I remember you dug your fingernails into my back, and it hurt. And I grabbed your little hand. We tongued, made out, and it felt like forever. I grabbed your ass, your tit, and, yes, I fingered you. I was on you. And we were having sex with our clothes on. Humping, yes. I bit your neck. I was going into you while it was in my pants, pushing into you.

We moved to the bathroom. And things happened there.

I knew you were something special. I believe you. I walked you home. I didn't want to go inside your house. You won my trust. Never did I want to date rape you. You were not an object. You kept asking me for my phone



number and instagram. I gave you my phone and you typed them in. I was excited. Someone new, and someone who was pretty and intellectual. You are my type. Cute, small, Asian, artistic, eccentric, nostalgic for the past. We kissed for so long before you walked into your door. I commented “nice bike!” But that was your friends bike.

I was on the train home excited, yelling to myself “what just happened?” I had a girlfriend and I was thrilled. No longer would I have to go on Tinder or ask random people if they are interested. Or put on a mask during a date. My perfect date happened in 4 hours. I was at the right place in the right time. That is all I ever wanted living in a city. To belong, to have a place, and to have someone to be loyal too. No longer would I suffer with my trauma of being alone or being too eccentric. You begged for the next date to be on Monday or Halloween. I was happy. You liked sushi, so I guess we are going to get sushi.

I didn't see as a tool to have sex with. No. Even if I did use you, I would regret not seeing you again. Some people would call me a "cuck" for not sleeping with you. But I saw more in you. You won my trust. Let's have sex on the second date, or the third. I have standards. And I believe you have standards too.

Maybe I'm a loser that I didn't fuck you. Or even make an excuse to say "can I use your bathroom?" just so I can get outside your place. That wasn't on my mind. I believed you.

I couldn't go to sleep. I prayed to god (which I never do) thinking we would become a couple. I got 4 hours of sleep. It rained that morning.

I sent you a good morning text.

I'm a nerd Maggie. I'm not a pump and dump "chad" of any sorts. You are an amazing

person and I am looking forward seeing you soon.

-Francis

//////////

[From Maggie]

Francis,

Or is it Joe? Which one do you like? (Can you tell me more about why you don't like Joe, it's kind of cute).

Last night was fun. I told you long-term for me was scary, but I am up for it. I prefer short-term because it's more ambiguous. Dating terms like that mix up the way we think about things.

Don't worry about what happened last night. I loved it.

You are a wonderful guy. I am surprised you are into the arts. Most people don't know half the stuff you are talking about.

Did you google search me? What do you think about my film?

I watched your YouTube. You are so funny. Also offensive. So why did your first channel get deleted? I want to watch more!

And your book, can you send me a PDF? I read it and you are talking about an ex? (A Chinese ex for that matter, wow!, you are so weird).

But tell me, do you hate your exes? Why would a guy like you be with me? Why not be with someone who has tits? I really don't have any of that. I'm not cool at all. I never leave my house, I never kissed a guy in 7 months (let alone suck a dick), and you like me. I like you a lot too.

I have a lot of quirks you may be afraid of. I'm not so sure if you will still like me. I do drugs sometimes, but that's because I been abused.

Can we meet at Momoya at 7pm? I just busy this morning. I have to do some screen prints. I understand you are busy too.

We can talk on the phone later tonight if you can't make it.

Also, I have a Halloween party with the students. You are welcomed to come by. You can meet some of my friends. They would love to hear your blogging work on... "Asian Aryanism?" Why the fuck are you so offensive? lol.

I thought about graduate school. It's cool you can afford it. You make me jealous. That would be great if you could teach too. You could settle here.

I can give you a tour of Brooklyn. I'm surprise you only been here for 3 months.

If you need a place to stay, my place is right next to Rebecca's. My studio is a mess. I would love to show you some time. Next week?

I really don't go out for concerts. But if you are taking me, let's go. I'll only go to Anna Akana because of the name alone. Maybe Dead Can Dance.

No, I don't know who is Alain Badiou.

I never go to Ludlow or Essex. If I was to visit your dorm, I would feel like a little kid. But I like that too.

Also, what are you doing Thanksgiving? Maybe we can do something. Just hang out? I will be alone. We could go somewhere.

And please, tell me about the film project with Al. I would love to act in it if you have a scene for me. I love film.

I thought about you last night too. You should of slept over. I feel great about myself. You are different from everyone else. I really like you.

Don't know what else to say. I'll see you this Monday!

-Maggie

/////

(By the way, these letters are fucking fake. Just thought how I wish things turned out to be).

-Francis Forever, Fall 2020.

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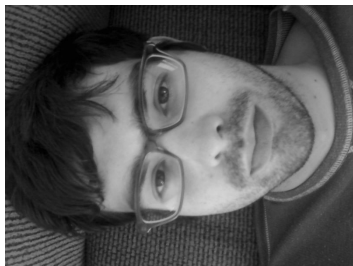
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Francis Forever (1991-) is a socialite, writer, art critic, musician, film director, and an overall pretty nice guy. He holds an MA degree from The School of Visual Arts. Currently he resides in New York City.



Next Issue:

- Interview with a famous porn actress.
- Townie, the unreleased film script.
- Conversation with Alex V-G.
- More details about gay sex.



